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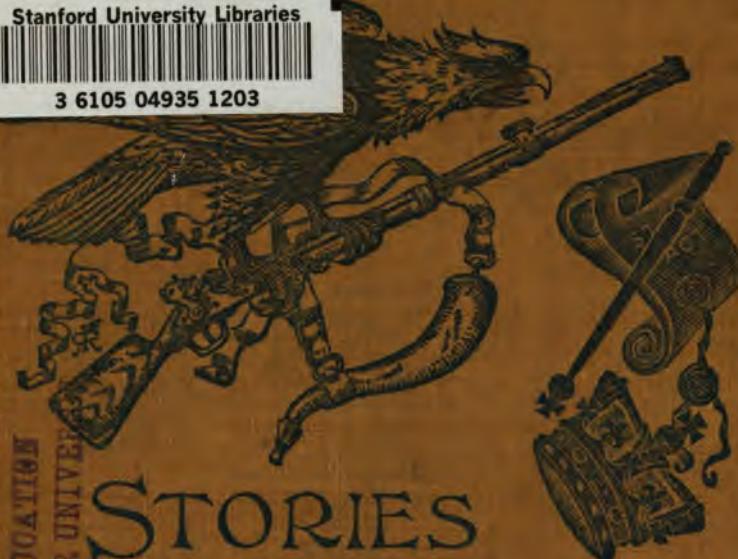
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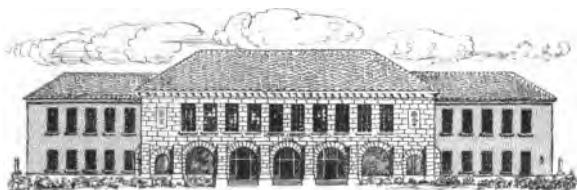
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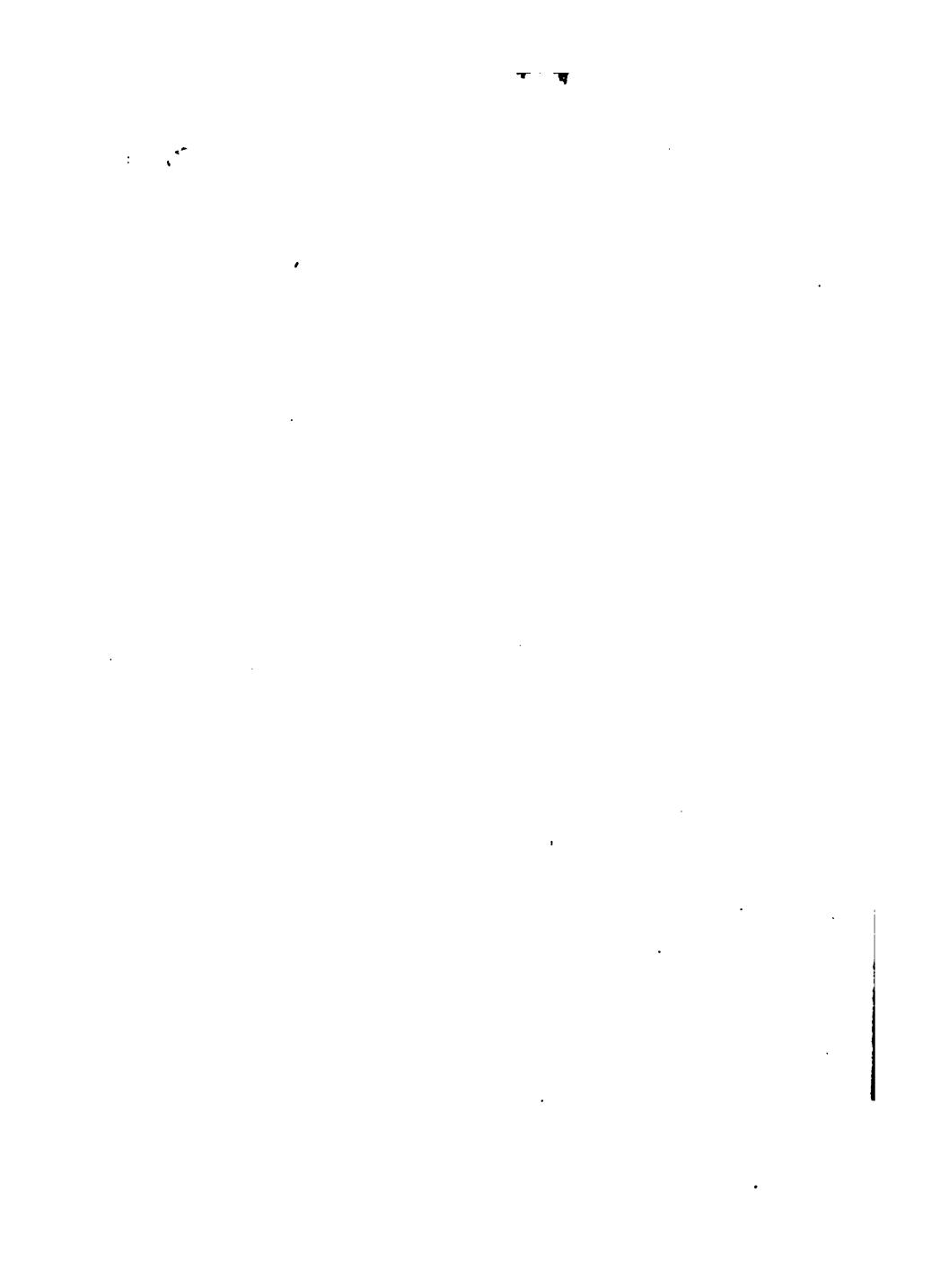


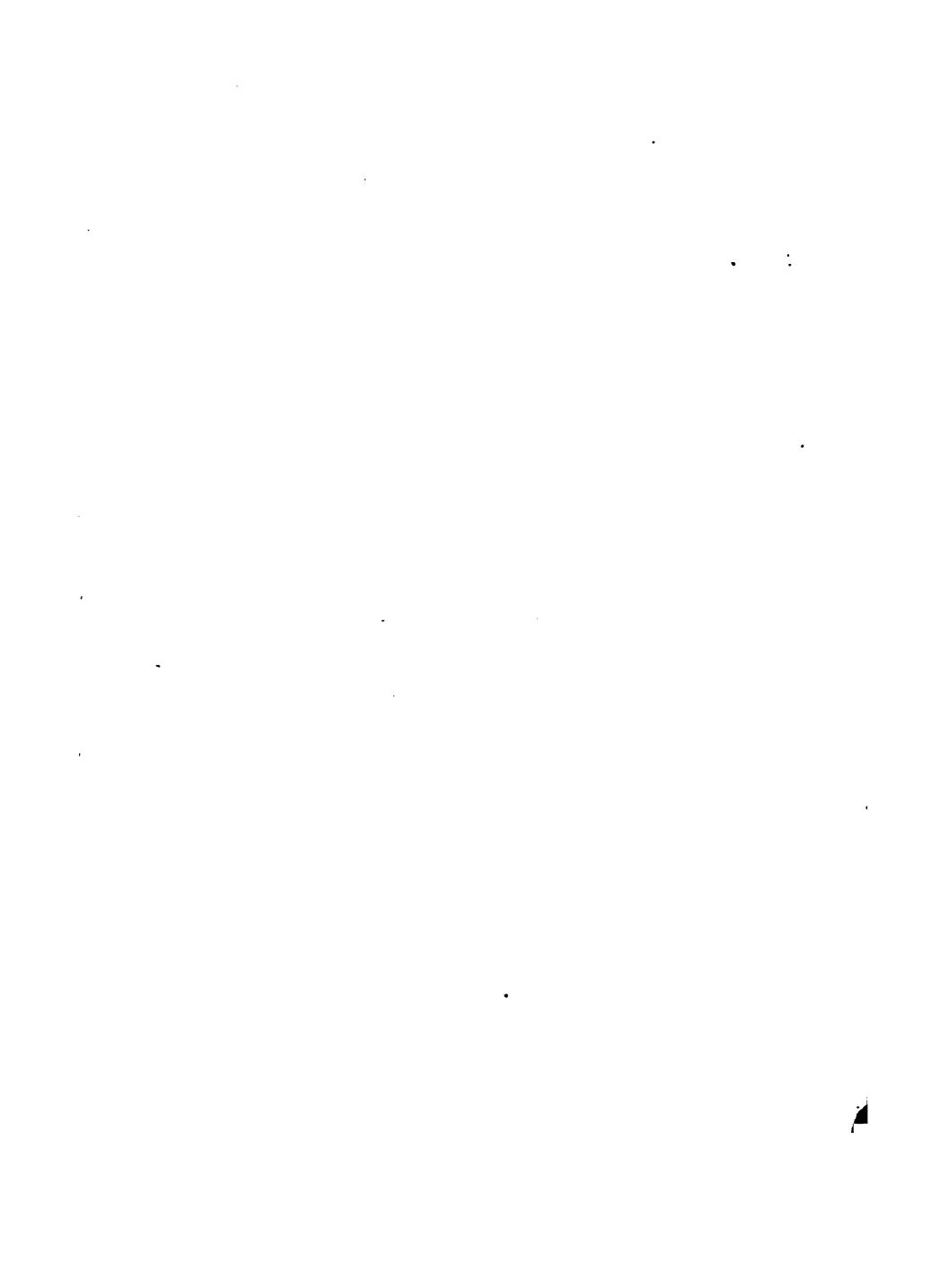
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HALT!

Page 13.

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STORIES

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY

CHARLES L. COOPER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY G. W. BREWER, AND
A. C. DODGE, AND
VOL. II
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

PART II

BOSTON
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

1895

LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

STORIES

OF THE

AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY SOLDIERS OF 1812," "GUARDING THE BORDER," "THE
BOYS WITH OLD HICKORY," "THE SEARCH FOR ANDREW FIELD," "THE
BOY OFFICERS OF 1812," "TECUMSEH'S YOUNG BRAVES," "THREE
YOUNG CONTINENTALS," "WASHINGTON'S YOUNG AIDS,"
"WARD HILL AT WESTON," ETC., ETC.

PART II

BOSTON

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STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. PART II

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PREFACE

As in the volume of stories which preceded this present collection, the basis of each is true historically. The incidents have been collected and selected from early works, many of which have long been out of print. It is hoped that these stories will present a phase of the great struggle which will not only interest the readers, but serve as well as a stimulus for them to make further investigations of their own.

A great history does not of necessity always mean a long history. The war of the American Revolution may not be great when it is considered in the light of a war; but it certainly is great as an event. Those heroic struggles of our forefathers are as worthy of remembrance as the country they bequeathed us is worthy of preservation. Indeed, the two in a sense may be said to be joined. The price paid for an article sometimes enhances the value of the possession in the eyes of the possessor.

The education of an American citizen to-day may be said not to be complete without a due appreciation of the aims, struggles, and efforts of those who have bequeathed their possessions to us. A heritage has no less value when we realize what it has cost in life and in sacrifice. Our ancestors lifted up a new banner before the gaze of the world. It is ours to hold it up.

And no country needs a strong patriotic feeling among its people so much as does a republic. But patriotism, to be valuable, must be intelligent; and there can be no intelligence without knowledge. Inspiration to be patriotic can best be incited by learning of and from those who were themselves patriots. One such man as George Washington is worth more to our land than a horde of men who can only "make money."

The brave deeds and almost forgotten heroism of men and women whose names are all unfamiliar to-day are worthy of our investigations. They are all incentives to better things, to nobler lives, and to the making of better citizens. The greatness of a nation is not to be measured by the number of names upon the census rolls, the amount of money in the banks, or the increased ability with which we are enabled to move from city to city. All

these are elements, but the supreme test of prosperity is to be found in the lives of its people — the quality, ideals, and loves.

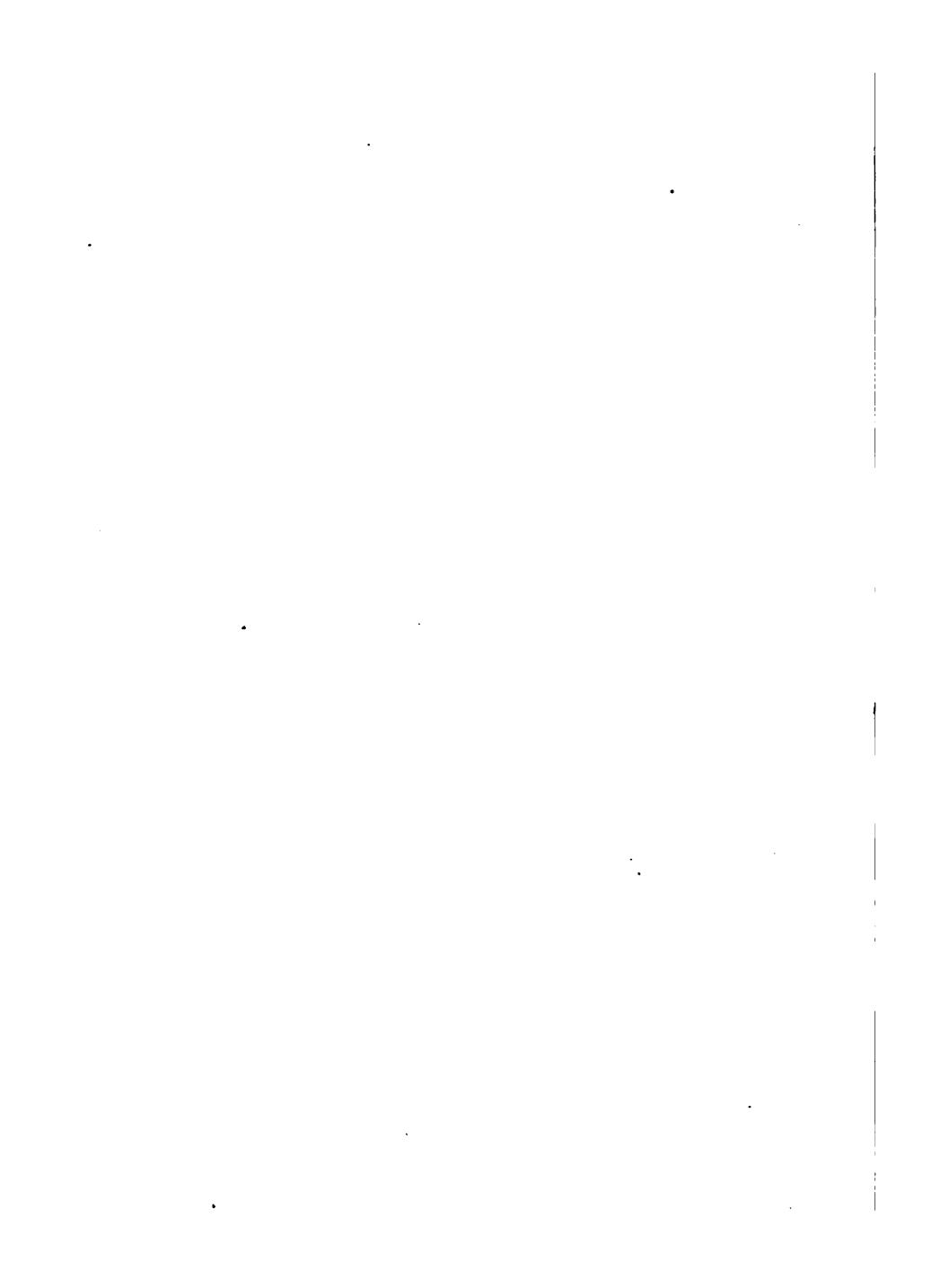
So, a knowledge of our own history, an appreciation of the efforts of our ancestors, a familiarity with their lives of privation and heroic struggle for what they believed to be right, are all as necessary for good citizenship to-day as a foundation is needful for a house. Good citizens become good patriots, and true patriots are ever good citizens.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?”

In the hope of stimulating the best efforts and aims of the younger people, as well as to interest and indirectly instruct them, this volume is sent forth.

Many of these stories have previously appeared in various periodicals. For permission to use them in this present form the author desires in this public manner to express his thanks to *The Outlook*, *The Independent*, The S. S. McClure Company, *Our Young People*, The Bacheller Syndicate, *Forward*, and others.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

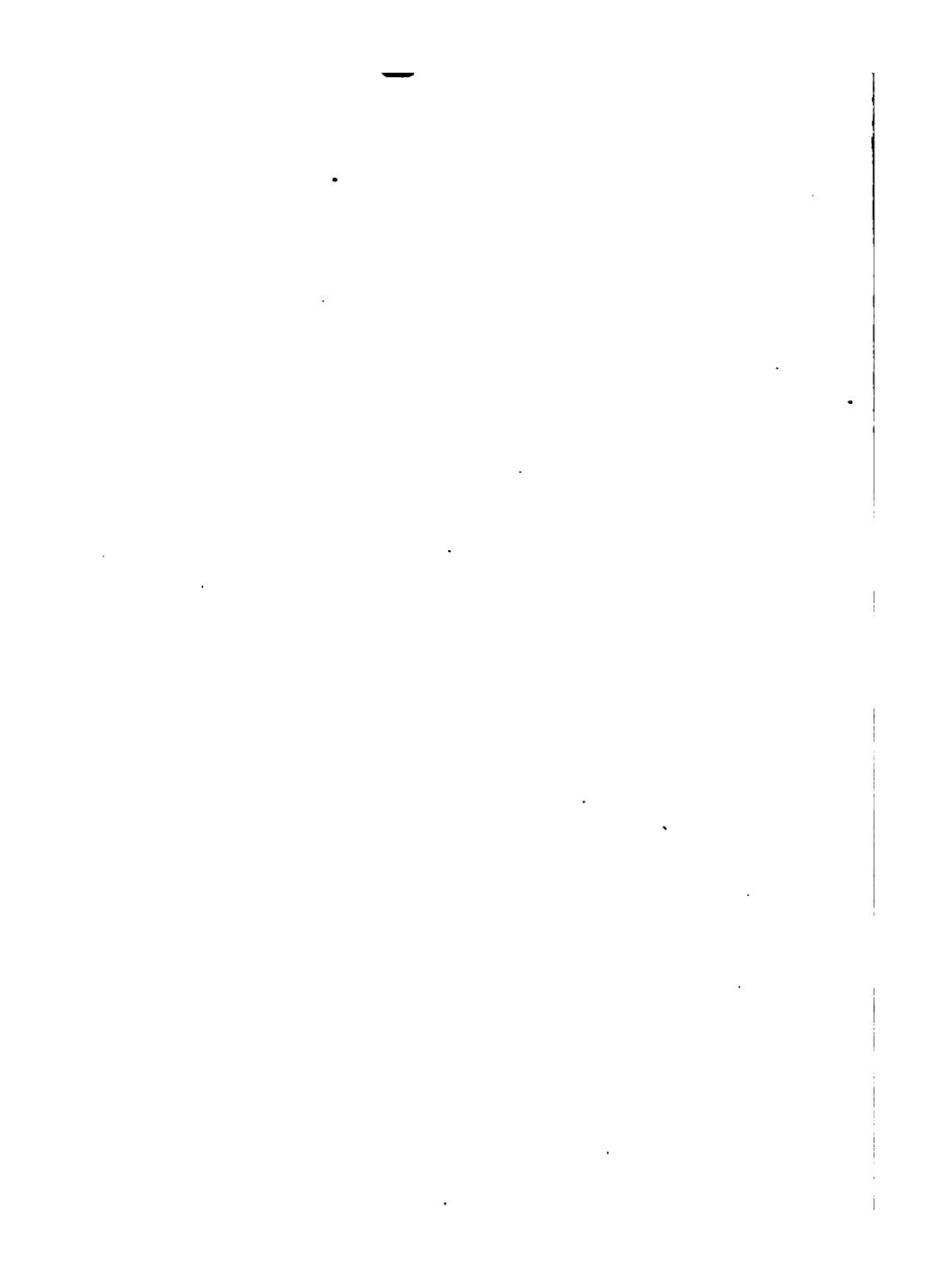


CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. AT THE BEND IN THE ROAD	1
II. PARSON ELLINGTON'S FERRY	19
III. THE WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS	35
IV. THE BLASTED HERB	45
V. MY LADY'S CELEBRATION	47
VI. SOME FAMOUS CELEBRATIONS	63
VII. HOW THE RED DOE CHANGED OWNERS	72
VIII. THE WIFE OF JOHN HANCOCK	84
IX. OFF FROM BOSTON	91
X. THE RELEASE OF JAMIE MCCLURE	93
XI. THE STORY OF A LOAF OF BREAD	109
XII. THE LOST ARMY	118
XIII. THE WIFE OF GENERAL KNOX	133
XIV. THE BATTLE OF TRENTON	140
XV. THE DEED OF A JERSEY LASS	142
XVI. TUNIS FORMAN'S REWARD	154
XVII. THE BOXER OF SUMTER'S ARMY	169
XVIII. SIR HENRY CLINTON'S INVITATION	178
XIX. GENERAL SCHUYLER'S WIFE	180
XX. PETER BACOT'S DEVICE	184

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>PAGE</i>
“‘Halt!’”	<i>Frontispiece</i>
“The two men stood facing each other”	32
“He caught a hasty glimpse of his mother”	59
“‘Come, we will give you two minutes to say your prayers’”	79
The Wife of John Hancock	87
“‘The British have come!’”	102
“‘Oh, ho! you are one of Greene’s men, I suppose’” .	129
“The man slid down the trunk of the tree”	165



STORIES
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION

I

AT THE BEND IN THE ROAD

“WILLIAM, Bartley, James, John, Edmund, Marshall, Matthew.”

So Mother Martin was accustomed to call the roll of her seven stalwart sons, frequently declaring that it was necessary for her to go through the entire list before she found the name of the one she especially desired to summon.

The boys laughed good-naturedly at her confusion of their names, and also at her declaration that it arose from the fact that each boy held the deepest place in her affection, and that she could not call one without mentioning them all.

In her home near Ninety-Six, in South Carolina, in the summer of 1781, not one of her sons would have answered to the roll-call, however. Matthew,

2 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

the youngest and "the baby" of the family, had been shot through the heart in the siege of Augusta, and never again would hear or heed his widowed mother's voice. The others were all in the army of General Greene, and their mother had bidden them go, pressing each to her heart as she bade them farewell, and declaring that if she had seven more sons she would give them all to her struggling country.

Only her two daughters-in-law, the wives of William and Bartley, who dwelt with their mother-in-law, as Ruth and Orpah one time dwelt with Naomi, had been witnesses of her terrible anguish when the boys were gone and the three women were compelled to defend themselves in their lonely home.

And no region, except the "neutral ground" near New York, was so filled with danger. Neighbor had turned against neighbor, and hangings, murders, and plunderings were of almost daily occurrence.

The three women had carefully concealed their few pieces of silver, and up to the time of this story, a morning in June, had not been molested, save as occasionally they had been compelled to feed from their scanty store of provisions some marauding Tories or stragglers from the British army.

From time to time the boys sent them word of the wonderful success which was attending the

efforts of Nathanael Greene. They knew that he had divided his forces and compelled Cornwallis to follow his example; for the British leader was now aware that he could not leave Morgan and attack Greene without losing his hold on the interior, while if he followed Morgan, Greene would be sure to pounce upon Charleston and cut him off from the coast.

The battles of the Cowpens, Guilford Court-House, and Hobkirk's Hill had followed; and while the victories apparently rested with the British, none knew better than Lord Cornwallis himself that the Americans were regaining South Carolina; and at last only the famous fort of Ninety-Six remained as a stronghold of the redcoats.

Before Ninety-Six, Greene and his men entered into the long siege of twenty-seven days; but at last, when the sharp final attack had failed, and word had been received that Rawdon was approaching with a strong force, Greene raised the siege and began another of those wonderful retreats of his, which, while apparently tokens of defeat, were really the method by which he led on his foes, and weakened and almost destroyed their armies.

Word of all this had been received at the widow Martin's home, and while there was rejoicing over the fact that the six boys were still unharmed, there was also a constant anxiety as to what each day might bring forth.

The June morning was hot and oppressive.

4 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Only the hum of insects broke in upon the stillness, for the birds were silent under the burning heat. The women moved about the house engaged in their homely duties, but they spoke few words to one another, and frequently one of them would step out upon the piazza and gaze long and earnestly up and down the road. The others would look questioningly at her when she re-entered the house, but the watcher would shake her head in reply to the unspoken questions, and the housework would be resumed.

Hannah, William's wife, had gone for a moment to the piazza to renew the observations which Martha, the wife of Bartley, had made a few moments before. As she did not return, Martha, unable to endure the uncertainty, dropped her broom and joined her sister.

"What is it, Hannah?" she said as she approached.

"There's some one coming. He's on horseback, and has just turned into the lane. There, you can see him now, down by the hawthorn bushes."

Martha followed Hannah's directions, and could plainly see the approaching horseman. But how strangely he was riding! He was leaning forward, and with one arm was clasping the neck of the horse, while the other apparently hung useless by his side. He had not looked up once since he had entered the lane.

A great fear suddenly seized their hearts, and

their pale faces needed no explanation to their mother, who now joined them and waited in silence for the horseman to approach.

"'Tis neighbor Collins," said Mrs. Martin, soon recognizing the man as one who had dwelt near her, and had gone with her sons to join Greene's army. "I fear he is the bearer of evil tidings."

Her daughters plainly shared in her fear, and their pale faces became paler; nor was their alarm the less when the horse stopped before them. The rider's face was covered with dust and blood, through which the perspiration had made its way and increased the ghastliness of his appearance. His arm hung useless by his side, and it was plain that he was suffering. For a moment no one spoke, so great was the fear in the heart of each; then Hannah, darting suddenly forward, exclaimed: "Is it William, Mr. Collins?"

"Is it Bartley?" said Martha.

"Is it the boys?" added the mother, before the man could reply to either question.

"No," replied the man, for the first time lifting his blood-stained face and looking about him. "No; I left the boys all right in Greene's camp. I'm wounded, badly wounded, I fear. If you'll help me down from my horse, I'll tell you all about it."

Relieved of their great fear, Martha and her mother eagerly assisted the wounded man to dismount, and almost carried him into the house,

6 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

while Hannah took his horse and led him within the shelter of the forest, for nothing would be long safe in the barn. Their own horses and cattle had long since been carried away by the bands of Tories, and the dark recesses of the forest adjoining the place were the only refuge now.

As soon as she had looked carefully to the wants of the horse, Hannah hastened back into the house. Mr. Collins lay upon the rude couch, and as she entered the room, Hannah heard him relating his adventure.

"The way of it was this," said the suffering man, speaking with difficulty. "Word had been received in camp that a messenger was coming up this road with something for Colonel Rawdon, from Colonel Balfour at Charleston. It was known that it was something of great importance, and General Greene is in such a plight that he doesn't know what to do. His life, and that of all his men, may hang on the letter that courier has." Mr. Collins stopped for a moment as if he could not go on. Hannah bathed his face with cold water, while Martha fanned him, but neither spoke.

In a few moments the wounded man resumed his story. "So anxious was the general to get that letter that he despatched me, with four others, to come up the road and seize the courier when he came along, if we could. We got along all right till we came to Six-Mile Run down here, where a

band of a dozen Tories set on us. We were taken without a moment's warning, and before I knew what was going on I had a cut on the head and another on the arm. They were all mounted, you see, and rode right in amongst us before we had a minute's warning. I think my arm's broken, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Mother Martin, "I think it is. The cut on your head will soon heal, but the arm's broken, beyond a doubt."

Mr. Collins groaned as he said: "And the men who were with me are all scattered, and that letter will not be taken! What will become of General Greene? And he was depending upon me."

"Did you say the courier was coming up this road?" inquired Hannah.

"Yes; we had positive knowledge as to that."

"Do you know at what time he was expected?"

"No; that, of course, we didn't know, except that the word we had was that he'd be along sometime before dark."

Hannah said nothing more, as she assisted her mother in caring for the wounded man. As soon as she was satisfied that all in their power had been done for him, she beckoned to Martha, and left the room. Her sister soon joined her on the piazza, and as she came near, Hannah said gently, "Martha, you and I must get that letter."

"Get what letter?"

"The letter that courier has."

8 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

"I don't understand you. Do you mean that we must capture the courier?"

"Yes."

"I never can. You're bolder than I, Hannah, but that's too bold. What can two women do? We never can take him."

"We've just got to take him, Martha! Think of Bartley. Mr. Collins tells us that his very life may depend upon getting that letter. We can do it, I know; and if we can, we must."

"How?"

Hannah approached nearer to Martha, and whispered her plan in her ear. Martha listened attentively, and her face was scarlet when her sister ceased. "Oh, Hannah, I don't see how I can! It's too bold every way."

"Yes, you can," said Hannah positively. "You'll think of Bartley, and I'll think of William, and we'll be bold as lions."

"I'll try," said Martha. "You'll have to be the leader, though, Hannah."

"I'll be the leader. Now we must set about it at once. Mother mustn't hear a word of it till it's all over. I'll go in and arrange matters with her, while you go right up to your room and get ready. I'll be up in a minute, for we don't want to lose any time."

Martha at once left the piazza, and Hannah entered the room where the wounded man was lying. "Mother," she said in a low whisper, "do you

think you could get on alone with Mr. Collins for a time?"

"Yes. What is it, Hannah?"

"Nothing, except that Martha and I want to go down the road and watch. If we should be gone long, don't be alarmed."

"You'll be careful not to attract attention, won't you?"

"Never fear about that," replied Hannah, stooping and kissing her mother before she hurriedly left the room. Mother Martin followed her with wistful eyes, for she knew Hannah so well that she was satisfied that she had some project of importance in mind.

In a few minutes there was a timid rap on the door of Hannah's room, and she opened it just far enough to permit her sister to enter, when she quickly closed and bolted it once more.

"Martha, you make a real good-looking man," she said as she turned and faced her.

"Oh, don't, Hannah! It doesn't seem as if I could go out-of-doors in these clothes!"

Martha's face was scarlet, although she quietly added: "But I'm going. It's Bartley who makes me, though I wonder what he'd think if he were to see me now!"

"He'd be proud of you," replied Hannah, as she finished putting her own husband's garments on. "Now, Martha, we'll slip out the back door, and go across lots down to the bend. That'll be

10 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

the best place, for we can keep watch in both directions. We'll have to take five guns, the two loaded, and the three that are no good."

"What for?" inquired Martha, the color now leaving her face.

"I'll soon show you. You carry one that is loaded and one that's not, and I'll take the other three. Come on now."

The door was opened carefully, and as soon as they knew they were not observed the two young women, dressed in their strange garb, and with their guns, crept silently down the stairs and out through the back door. The forest was soon gained, and then Hannah said:—

"We've done well, Martha, so far. Now if we can keep it up we're all right. We'll go straight to the bend. You're not afraid now, are you?"

"Yes; but I'm going on. I'm thinking of Bartley."

"And William, and the boys, and mother, and General Greene, and the colonies," replied Hannah. "Come on!"

They passed safely through the forest and the open lot, and gained the shelter of the bushes that lined the bend in the road. Martha was silent now, and the color was gone from her face, but there was a tightening of the lips which made Hannah nod her head with pleasure.

Hannah stepped into the road and looked keenly in each direction. No one could be seen,

and, satisfied that the courier had not yet gone by, she proceeded rapidly to carry out the details of her plan. Two of the empty guns were placed behind the bushes on one side of the road, their stocks held up by the limbs of trees, and the barrels left projecting beyond the leaves into the road.

On the opposite side she placed the other empty gun, similarly arranged, and also told Martha to take her stand there, with her gun also projecting into the road.

“I see what you wanted those empty guns for, now,” said Martha.

“Yes, they’ll do as well as if they were loaded.”

The arrangement was complete now, and there was nothing to be done except to wait for the coming of the courier. The hours passed, the sun climbed higher in the heavens, and the heat became more and more intense. But no one passed, and the vigil was unbroken. The silence became oppressive, and the great fear in the hearts of the two women found no relief.

“Hannah,” whispered Martha at last, when three hours must have passed.

“What is it, Martha?”

“Do you think they’ll shoot us?”

“No, I don’t think so; still, we must be brave.”

“Hannah, if anything happens to me, and you escape, you’ll tell Bartley, won’t you?”

“Oh, Martha!” replied Hannah, rising from

12 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

her seat on the ground and clasping her sister in her arms. "Oh, Martha, don't talk so! We're doing our duty, and will pray God to let no evil befall us. Do you want to go back to the house?"

"No," replied Martha quietly, returning the embrace and mingling her tears with her sister's. The guns seemed sadly out of place in the scene, and the two young women themselves appeared to be far from belonging there. In a few moments their tears were dried, and the look of determination had returned upon Hannah's face.

"I'll step out into the road and see what I can see. There's nothing in sight yet," she said, as she returned to Martha's side.

The long vigil continued. The insects darted about in clouds, but no sounds were heard, even the wind in the tree-tops having ceased.

Again Hannah stepped forth into the road. This time she was gone but a moment, and, as she hastily returned to the shelter of the bushes, she said: "Martha, there are three men coming. I think it is the courier and two men with him."

Martha's face became deadly white, but she did not speak, and Hannah knew from her expression that she could depend upon her, and she gave her undivided attention to the approaching men. She could see them now; the man in the centre had no uniform, but the scarlet coat on each of the men who were riding with him proclaimed the side to which they belonged. Without doubt it was the

courier with two officers as guards. This was more than she had counted upon, but it was too late to turn back now.

On swept the three strangers, their horses dripping with foam, although they were not running rapidly, and the men seemed to be weary from their long ride. Steadily on and on they came, and Hannah felt as if she could hardly breathe in her excitement. They were almost within the bend now, and in a moment it would be too late. She must act at once, if at all, and, striving vainly to swallow the lump in her throat, she rushed into the road and levelled her gun at the approaching men.

“Halt!”

The three men brought their horses to a sudden standstill. “What’s the meaning of this, you young traitor?” said one of the officers, his hand creeping slowly toward the pistols in his belt, as he spoke.

“Don’t touch that pistol! I’ll call on my men to fire! Sergeant, you hear me, don’t you?”

“We hear,” came a reply from the bushes. The tone was not very warlike, but the startled men were not critical, and, besides, there were gun-barrels peering out from the bushes on either side of the road. For a moment not a word was spoken. The gun before them was not lowered, and it was plain to the men that it was no joke being played upon them.

“Trapped!” muttered one of the officers. “Well, young man, what do you want us to do?”

14 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

"First, I want that letter Colonel Balfour has despatched by this courier."

The courier hesitated, and glanced at his companions before he replied. There was an expression of anger and determination on their faces, and as the officer's hand again stole slowly towards the pistol in his belt, Hannah's heart almost ceased to beat, and her knees were trembling so that she could hardly stand. Was all her bold venture to be in vain?

Just then a clicking within the bushes was heard, which sounded very like the lock of a gun, and at a nod from one of the men the courier advanced and gave up the letter, and Hannah breathed more easily.

"Now I want you to turn back in your tracks, and not stop before you've come up with Rawdon's men, who are advancing, I happen to know, a few miles up the road."

Hannah's tone was bold, but all her fears returned when she saw that again the men hesitated. Had they suspected the ruse? Would they dash ahead and ride her down, and then, when they saw that no shots were fired, return and gain possession of the letter once more? In that event they might discover the disguise; and a new fear came to the desperate woman. She had not taken her eyes from the men before her, however, and her musket was still at her shoulder.

The officers glanced at each other, and the sight

of those motionless gun-barrels on either side of the road could not be concealed; and, moved as by a common impulse, the trio wheeled and started swiftly up the road. Hannah stood and watched them until they disappeared.

And yet all was not accomplished, for there in her hand was the letter; and, recalled by the sight, Hannah quickly called to her sister, and the two women swiftly began to retrace their way to the house. Martha was trembling like a leaf, but on Hannah's cheeks there was a bright red spot that was not born of the heat of that hot June day.

"We're not through yet," said Hannah, as they entered the house.

"What more can be done? You have the letter; is not that enough?"

"'Tis but the beginning. The harder task is yet before us."

"I must go to my room," said Martha, "before I stand before neighbor Collins in my husband's garb. But I know not what more we can do, Hannah."

Hannah made no reply as she left her sister and entered the room in which she had left her mother-in-law and neighbor Collins. Her story had just been completed when Martha entered in time to hear her say: "'Tis not all done, however. Your horse is here, neighbor Collins, and I must carry that letter to General Greene."

16 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

"That you will not," said Mr. Collins quickly. "I am greatly refreshed now, and, besides, I must seek a surgeon's aid for my broken arm. There is a band of Sumter's men not five miles from here, and I can go as far as that. They will forward the letter to General Greene and provide as well for me."

Mr. Collins had risen from the couch in his eagerness, and although Mother Martin and Martha added their words to his, Hannah still hesitated.

"It is not seemly for you to ride forth clad in a man's attire," said Mr. Collins at last; and then Hannah yielded. The horse was brought out of the forest; the wounded man was assisted into the saddle and soon disappeared up the road.

Still Hannah Martin was troubled. At times she blamed herself for entrusting such a valuable letter to a wounded and suffering man. The reaction from the terrible strain through which she had passed, and the uncertainty concerning the letter she knew Nathaniel Greene so much desired to obtain, also combined to render her restless and anxious. Sleep did not come that night, and she spent much of the following morning on the piazza looking for the approach of soldiers, or of some one who could give her some information concerning the movements of the armies. But no one came.

Just before the sun set, however, a band of men swept into sight. The numbers increased, and

when they marched past the house of the widow Martin the three women knew that it was Greene's army in swift pursuit of Rawdon's men.

The country people were sadly perplexed by the sudden transformation of the pursued into pursuers ; but then, they knew nothing of a letter General Greene had received on the preceding day, — a letter not designed for him, but one which Colonel Balfour had despatched from Charleston by a courier to Colonel Rawdon to inform him that Stewart had been recalled from the field, and that Rawdon must return in all haste.

The courier, indeed, had delivered the letter, but not to Colonel Rawdon, for, as he afterwards explained, "he had been held up by two rebel boys and compelled to surrender the missive." Somehow the letter had come into the possession of General Greene, and as he passed Hannah Martin standing on the piazza of the widow Martin's house he had it upon his person, though he knew not at the time the part the woman had played in gaining it, nor did she know that it was then in his possession.

It was because of that letter that he had directed his hospital and heavy baggage to be forwarded to Camden, and sent Lee and Marion and Sumter to gain the front of Balfour's men, who were then on the march for Friday's Ferry ; while he himself set forth with all due speed to pursue the retreating Rawdon.

18 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

All this Hannah Martin learned from her husband when he fell out of the ranks for a few moments as the army passed his home ; and when he hastened to rejoin his companions, and disappeared beyond the bend in the road, she said to her sister-in-law : —

“ They would never have entered that bend if you and I had not gone there before them, Martha.”

And it is more than doubtful whether they ever would.

II

PARSON ELLINGTON'S FERRY

JUST how Goose Creek received its name is not known. Our Revolutionary fathers must have been fond of it, however, if we can judge from the fact that almost every colony contained at least one little stream which rejoiced in that distinctive title.

The particular Goose Creek with which this story has to do, was a crooked, marshy stream not far from the borders of Georgia and South Carolina, and in the summer of 1780 was famous for two things. The first of these was St. James Church, which was near its banks, and was one of the strongest parishes in the South. The other was the rector, the Reverend Edward Ellington, a man as eloquent as he was devout, and whose genial manners and kind heart had made him beloved by all the people of that region. A strong friend of the colonies, he never had felt called upon to take up arms in their behalf; but in many ways he had been helpful to Francis Marion, Thomas Sumter, Andrew Pickens, and James Williams, the four leaders of the bands of Whigs who had rallied for

the defence of their homes and country against the invading forces of Clinton and Cornwallis.

One morning in July, 1780, "Parson" Ellington, as he was familiarly known by the people outside his own parish, was standing where he could look out across the broad acres that adjoined his home, and also could see far up Goose Creek, whose waters, owing to recent rains, were high in their banks. The bridge across the creek had been destroyed, but a flatboat was fast to the little dock, and for some time the parson had added to his duties of preacher and farmer, that of ferryman for those who did not care to go several miles up the bank, to the ford beyond the swamp. The parson was smiling, but it was evident that it was not Goose Creek, nor his farm, nor the quiet of the summer day which pleased him. He was thinking of the service in St. James the preceding day, when, with a peculiar intonation, he had read the prayer, "That it may please thee to bless and preserve his most Gracious Majesty, our Sovereign Lord, King George."

A dead silence had followed his reading, and then from one corner of the church, instead of the usual response, "We beseech thee to hear us, Good Lord!" some one had broken in upon the stillness with the words, "Good Lord, deliver us," a response which seemed to express much more accurately the feelings of the congregation.

But the smiling parson was troubled. It had

come to his knowledge that only seven miles away was James Williams with a band of twenty stanch Whigs. Only a few guns were in their possession, but they had taken the saws from their sawmills and changed them into weapons of warfare, and as for bullets, — the pewter mugs in their homes had all been melted and moulded into them. What they lacked in the munitions of war, however, in a measure was supplied by their determination, for not one of them had been moved by the proclamation which Sir Henry had issued a few weeks before, requiring all the people of South Carolina to assist in reëstablishing the royal government under penalty of being dealt with as traitors. The fall of Charleston and Fort Washington had led the British commander to declare, that "but for Sumter and Marion and a few others, South Carolina would be at peace." The band of Williams was among "the others"; and while the parson gloried in their bravery, he had just learned that across Goose Creek, not far away, was a detachment of Cornwallis's men, while a few miles in the other direction lay a band of Tories doing much the same work on the British side that Marion and Williams were doing for the struggling, and now well-nigh desperate, Americans.

If Williams should be hemmed in between the two forces, the parson knew there would be no hope for him, and doubtless he was ignorant of the presence of his enemies. He must do something

22 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

to warn him of his danger; and with this thought in his mind Parson Ellington started to move from the fence against which he had been leaning, and where he had been smiling at his recollection of the break in the service of the preceding day.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by the sounds of an approaching horseman.

“Whoever it is, he’s in a hurry,” said the parson to himself, as he stopped and waited for the newcomer to appear. In a few moments he saw a stranger coming around the bend in the road, his horse covered with foam and running at his utmost speed.

“Whoa!” said the horseman, suddenly checking his steed as he caught sight of the parson. “How far is it to the ford?”

“About five miles,” replied Parson Ellington, curiously observing the man, and at once deciding that he had never seen him before. “I think I know your errand, my man,” he said to himself.

“Five miles! You don’t mean it! They told me I’d find a bridge here by St. James.”

“There was a bridge, but it’s down now.”

“You know where Cornwallis’s men are camped, don’t you, my good man?” inquired the stranger, dropping his voice and leaning forward as he spoke.

“Yes.”

“How much farther is it if I go on by the ford?”

"A good ten miles."

"I can't wait for that; you'll have to take us across on your ferry. You can carry the horse as well as myself, can't you?"

"I think so."

"Be quick about it, then! I haven't a minute to spare," said the stranger, dismounting at once and proceeding toward the little dock, by which the flatboat lay, and leading his horse by the bridle.

"You seem to be in a hurry," said Parson Ellington, as he followed the man. "It's a warm morning to be riding at such a pace as you must have made, if one can judge from the looks of your horse."

"I *am* in a hurry, and you'd be, too, if you'd run your game right into a trap. You'd want to bag it before it could crawl out. Hurry, man, hurry!"

"It's just as I fancied," thought the parson, as to all appearances he hastened to carry out the stranger's orders. The painter was quickly cast off as soon as the man had led his trembling horse on board, the parson took his long pole and began to push his unwieldy craft out into the stream, and the voyage was begun. Slowly and steadily the craft was sent forward, the stranger meanwhile uttering many protests against what he was pleased to call the "laziness" of his boatman, and at last they arrived at the little dock on the

opposite side, which jutted out from the marshy shore.

"Here, hold on," called the parson, as the stranger prepared to mount, "you haven't paid me."

"How much is it?"

"A shilling."

"What, a shilling for that little work? It didn't take you ten minutes."

"A shilling's my price," replied the parson, evidently not displeased at anything which tended to prolong the conversation. "You can pay that or nothing."

"I'll pay nothing," said the man, now thoroughly angry. "I'll report you to Parson Ellington, when I come back. It's an outrage. Here, hold on, I'll pay you," he added, a moment later, tossing his boatman a shilling. "I do that with the understanding that you'll wait for me here, and take me across in about an hour, when I come back. But I never got so little before for my money, in all my life."

"I'll be here," replied the parson quietly, although there was an expression in his eyes that might have caused the stranger to hesitate if he had seen it.

As soon as the man had disappeared, the ferry-boat was sent back across Goose Creek; but somehow this time it moved so swiftly that not even the eager horseman would have complained of its

speed, had he been on board. Without waiting to make it fast, the parson leaped quickly ashore as soon as it touched the dock, and ran swiftly up the road toward his house. In a brief time a horse was led from the barn, and while he was putting on the bridle, his man Jonas had leaped upon the horse's back and was waiting for the word to start.

"Now, Jonas, I shall expect you to make good time. Don't delay at the camp, but just as soon as you've seen any of Williams's men, start for home. Come back by the lower road, and if the horse looks as if he'd been hard ridden, and I rather expect he will, leave him in the barn, and come down to the dock; I may need your help then. Now go, and remember that the lives of Jim Williams and all his men may depend upon you."

"I'll not forget," replied Jonas, as he spoke to the horse, and darted swiftly down the lane which led to the road. He soon disappeared from sight, and when the sound of the horse's hoofs could no longer be heard, Parson Ellington returned to the dock, and with his flatboat soon crossed to the opposite side of Goose Creek. He made the boat fast to the dock, and then seated himself within the shade of the trees that lined the rough road.

"Let me see," said the parson to himself, "the British camp can't be more than five miles away. He ought to make it and be back again in an hour, as he said. I've a good hour yet to wait," he added, as he glanced at the sun. "I shall have to

make the best of it till he comes. I trust that Jonas will not meet with any mishap."

Slowly the minutes passed. He could see the clouds of insects darting about over the waters of Goose Creek, and for a time was interested as he watched their curious motions. The glimmer of the sunlight as it was reflected from the surface of the creek, and the waving motions of the air as it was stirred, close to the water, by the intense heat of the July day, he also partially noted, but he could not withdraw his thoughts from the problem which faced him. Perhaps Jonas would be too late, and already the sturdy little band of Williams's had fallen into the hands of the British. It was strange that the horseman did not return. It might be that he did not intend to return at all, and had given him directions to remain in waiting, only to deceive him.

Parson Ellington became more and more troubled, and at last, no longer able to endure the suspense, arose and began to walk back and forth along the rough road that led through the midst of the trees. Several times he thought he heard the sounds of the returning horseman, and he hardly knew whether he was relieved by his approach, or troubled by the plan which he purposed to carry out when he came. But each time he was deceived, and his vigil was uninterrupted.

The hour had passed and still there were no signs of the stranger. The suspense was becoming

almost unbearable, and Parson Ellington hardly knew what to do. Should he return to the other side of the creek and abandon his vigil? He was almost tempted to do that, and had taken a few steps on his way down to the little dock, when he was startled by the sounds which came from up the road.

There could be no mistake about it this time; it was a running horse he heard, and the sound of his approach was becoming more and more distinct. Relieved that some one was coming, although he had no means of knowing whether the approaching man was the horseman for whom he had been waiting or not, the parson took his stand near the flatboat, and waited. He was calm now, and no one would have suspected the tumult which was going on in his heart. The clatter of the horse's hoofs became louder, and soon the man swept into view. It was the horseman he had carried across Goose Creek in his flatboat.

"You are late," said the parson as the stranger leaped from the saddle, and stood before him, holding his horse by the bridle.

"It's no fault of mine, nor of my horse either. He doesn't look as if he'd had an easy time of it, does he?"

"That he doesn't," replied the parson, gently rubbing the panting horse's head. "He's as wet as if he'd been in Goose Creek."

"Hurry up!" said the horseman impatiently.

"I was in a hurry when I came, but I'm in a greater hurry now. Everything depends upon my getting back to camp at once. Come, be quick, will you?"

"I can't see anything to be in such haste about," replied the parson slowly. "You act as if you thought Sumter or Williams were after you."

"They may not be after me, but I may be after them," said the man sharply. "Come, man, make haste, will you? You're making me lose time that will cost me dear."

"Before we cross," said the parson deliberately, "there is one thing I must have settled. You complained about paying me a shilling when I brought you over, and threatened to report me to Parson Ellington. Now I want to say to you that I am Parson Ellington, and this is my ferry. It isn't necessary for you to use it if you think my fee is extravagant. There's a ford, as I told you, about five miles up the creek, and you can ride up and cross through that if you choose."

"I beg your pardon. I did not take you for a parson. You had such a jolly face I never thought of you in that light. I was in such a hurry I forgot my manners, but I'm in a greater hurry now, parson. Will you not carry me over at once?"

"And you don't think the fee is too great?"

"No, no," said the man impatiently, taking a shilling from his pocket and handing it to Parson

Ellington. "No, no, it's all right enough ; only get me started, and I'll not complain. I'll give you another when we reach the bank on the other side."

"I still have one more condition," said the parson slowly.

"What's that? Be quick, man, and don't keep me waiting! You don't know what you're doing."

Parson Ellington's eyes twinkled, and he appeared as if he knew very decidedly just what he was doing; but, ignoring the protests, he said: "I want you to lay your gun flat on the deck near the stern. I'm a man of peace, and I'm afraid when you're trying to hold your horse, the thing might go off. It'll be safe there, and so will we."

The man hesitated a moment, glancing keenly at the parson before he said: "All right. Have it your own way. All I ask is that you'll carry me over now, and not wait. Here, you take it and put it where you want it. Only don't wait, man, don't wait!"

"Take your horse up in the bow," said the parson, as he grasped the gun and waited for the horseman to embark. In a moment both were on board, and then the parson, after having carefully placed the gun near him, took up his long pole, and with one strong push sent the rude craft out from the shore.

"Then you think a shilling's too high a fee, just for carrying you across Goose Creek, do you?" he said, turning and facing the man.

"Yes, I do. It's altogether too much to charge, but I'll not quarrel with you. All I want now is to be landed in your very best time at the dock."

Parson Ellington smiled, as again he turned and pushed his pole against the muddy bottom of the creek. The heavy flatboat moved slowly forward, and as they approached the other shore, the man's impatience momentarily increased. An exclamation of anger burst from his lips when they were near the dock, and, as if by some mistake on the part of the ferryman, the boat failed to make the landing.

"There, I declare I missed it," said the parson gravely. "I'll have to make for the middle of the creek again;" and he began slowly to shove the boat out into the stream, unmindful of the anger of his passenger.

A second time the heavy flatboat approached the dock, and again the landing was missed.

"You clumsy — "

The horseman began to say something which should move his boatman, but quickly checking himself he only said: "Please, Mr. Ellington, be careful. You don't know what you are doing, keeping me out here this way in this mud-hole."

Not know what he was doing? Parson Ellington made no reply, but the expression on his face belied the words of his passenger. It was plain to himself, at least, that he fully understood just what he was trying to do.

A third trial produced no better results, for the boat apparently could not be brought alongside the little dock. The horseman, thoroughly enraged, now turned to the parson and said: "This has gone too far, Mr. Ellington. You'll land me this time, or I'll know the reason why."

"We'll see what can be done," replied the parson quietly. His heart was beating rapidly, and his hands trembled as he again grasped the long pole, and once more sent the boat out into the stream. The man before him was larger than he, and he knew at any moment now, a desperate personal encounter might take place; but there were no signs of fear on the parson's part, save perhaps a tightening of his lips as he brought the heavy craft out into the midstream.

"Here, Mr. Ellington, you're not making for the dock at all!"

The horseman's words were true, for the boat was making its way now up the stream, and now down again, apparently without any thought on the part of the boatman of seeking the little dock.

"I'll report you to Lord Cornwallis! We'll hang you on the first tree by the roadside! We'll burn your house and all your family, you traitor!" The horseman's voice had risen to a shrill scream, so angry was the man by this time. "Here, give me that pole, and I'll bring your old tub to shore myself," he added, as he released his grasp upon his horse's bridle and started toward the parson.

Parson Ellington was frightened, and the tight lips quivered in his excitement, as he dropped his pole and, picking up the gun at his feet, turned and faced his passenger.

"My friend," he said quietly, "you would better keep a good firm hold on that horse of yours. If he should happen to hear a gun go off, it might frighten him so that he would leap into the creek, and if he should, he'd stick just as fast in the mud as you would, if you should happen to fall into it yourself."

For a moment the two men stood facing each other, and not a word was spoken. The boat was drifting slowly down the stream, but the horseman apparently had forgotten for the moment his eagerness to land. He was trying to read the expression upon the parson's face, and learn whether it would be safe for him to come nearer or not. Parson Ellington returned his look, but the fear in his heart produced no reflection upon his face, and his calmness perhaps impressed the man before him more than any words of his could have done.

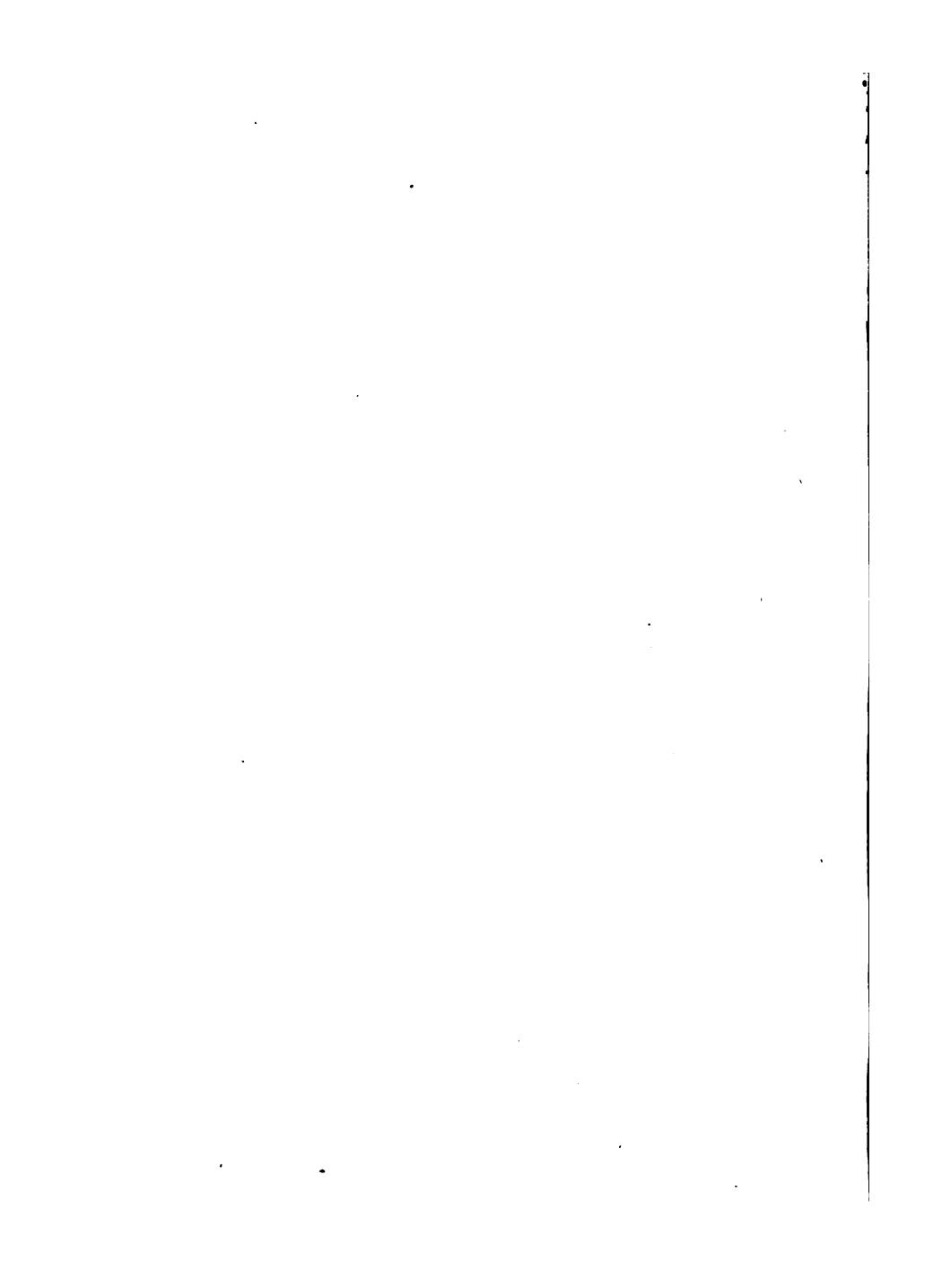
Just then, a sudden snort on the part of the horse recalled his rider to the necessity of looking after him, and he turned quickly and grasped the frightened animal by the bridle. The spell was broken, and the parson once more took up his pole.

He ignored the pleadings, as he did the threats and promises, of his passenger, for he knew that



THE TWO MEN STOOD FACING EACH OTHER.

Page 32.



the gun at his feet had taught the man his lesson. Slowly up and down the waters of Goose Creek the parson kept the flatboat moving, and whenever the horseman asked a question, his sole reply would be to break forth into the words of the then famous and favorite hymn of Joseph Addison:—

“The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.”

But Parson Ellington realized his danger. At any moment a man from either of the British camps might appear, and he well knew what his fate would be then. Besides, Jonas had not yet returned, and he began to fear that some ill had befallen him. However, he continued to sing, perhaps hoping to keep up his courage, and “streams shall murmur all around” was frequently heard.

“Mr. Ellington.” It was the horseman who spoke, but his tone was so low that the parson turned, and looked at him in surprise.

“Mr. Ellington, I wish you would tell me why you are keeping me out here on Goose Creek. If you only realized the desperate need of haste, you could not do it. Why do you?”

“You complained this morning that a shilling was too much to charge for just transporting you across the creek. I am resolved that you shall have the full value of your fee this time.”

“I'll give you a crown! I'll pay you anything

34 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

you ask now, Mr. Ellington, if you'll only land me," pleaded the horseman.

"I care not for your money. It is that you may feel that you have had an adequate return, that I am giving you all this sail in my ferry-boat. I trust my labor is not lost. I'll land you now, however, as I see another man waiting for me by the dock."

Parson Ellington had had a glimpse of Jonas, and knew that now all had been done by him that could be done.

A few minutes later, as he stood by the dock listening to the report Jonas brought, and watching the horseman as he disappeared in a cloud of dust up the road, he said: "It grieved me, Jonas, to disappoint this man as I did; but I have a dual satisfaction in knowing that I have given him a full shilling's worth of riding on Goose Creek, and incidentally I have saved Jim Williams and his men from capture, and perhaps from death."

And with a smile of deep satisfaction upon his face, Parson Ellington turned away and walked slowly up the lane which led to his house.

III

THE WIFE OF JOHN ADAMS

ABIGAIL SMITH, the wife of John Adams, was the foremost representative of a class of women whose quiet influence did much for the cause of the struggling colonies. However much a modern "Daughter" of the Revolution may rejoice in her prestige, John Adams's wife was distinctly one of the "mothers" of the Revolution.

Without the sprightliness which made the wife of Nathanael Greene so popular, and free from the social ambition which elevated General Knox's wife into the position of the society leader of Washington's administrations, in depth of character and in positive influence she easily surpassed them both.

A portrait of her at the age of twenty-one, one year after her marriage, shows a strong and yet tender face, with a low, broad forehead, full and expressive eyes, clearly cut nose, a mouth sweet and indicative of her sense of humor, and a chin firm and strong. With all her powers of observation and expression, even above her conversational ability and her grace of manner, her friends cher-

ished her absolute honesty and frank sincerity. She was accustomed to say just what she meant, and mean just what she said; and, while some of the modern writers affirm that the marvellous influence which the men of her day believed she wielded over her husband and his friends was somewhat exaggerated, there still can be no doubt that her "power behind the throne" was as marked as it was manifest.

HER EARLY LIFE

Abigail Adams was a Puritan of the Puritans, so far as her ancestry was concerned. For forty years her father was in charge of one parish, and her fore-fathers on both sides had been Puritan preachers. As a natural consequence the religious side of her nature was strongly developed, and a taste for the best that had been thought and said was marked from her earliest days.

It was a lament of her later life that she had never been sent to any school; but the loss, which arose from her delicate health when she was a girl, and perhaps also from natural prejudice against the education of women in a community where the traditions of Ann Hutchinson were still fresh, was more than compensated by the development of her individuality under the immediate care of her father. It is the old form of the modern question whether the drill and routine of the public school or the personal influence of tutors or a

private school is better for growing girls. She lost from the lack of attrition, but gained the development of her own personality.

While truth and duty were "writ large" in her vocabulary, the Puritan influence was not all sad. Indeed, her father, serious man though he was, enjoyed his joke, and even was known to carry it sometimes into the pulpit with him. When Abigail's older sister Mary was married to Richard Cranch, who afterwards became a judge of the court of common pleas, Parson Smith is said on the Sunday following the ceremony to have preached from the text: "And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." When two years later Abigail became the wife of the young lawyer, John Adams, her father, recognizing the strong prejudice of the colony against lawyers, on the next Sunday solemnly announced his text: "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil."

With her two sisters, each of whom married a man of prominence, she was trained to take a serious but not a sad view of life; and her uniformly cheerful spirit, interest in politics and the world about her, devotion to her friends, and clear and candid judgment can perhaps all be traced mainly to her Puritan heritage and training. She was a living witness to the power of decided convictions. She knew what she believed and why she believed it.

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

On the twenty-fifth of October, 1764, she became the wife of John Adams, and until the breaking out of the war, passed her time in Boston or Braintree, as the health of her husband or his business demanded. In this decade four children entered the home, three sons and a daughter, and doubtless the young wife with her increasing cares, little dreamed that she was perhaps to be the only one in the history of the new nation to occupy the unique position of the wife of one president and the mother of another. She was an ideal mother, the companion of her children, and superintended all the details of their care and training. Methodical, tender, firm, and devout, it is small cause for surprise that in later years her sons, proud of their father and his name, almost revered the name of their mother.

AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION

The ability of her husband was soon recognized, and he was active in the deliberations of the continental congress. Her letters to him in his absence show that she foresaw far more clearly than most of the leaders what the outcome was to be; and while she encourages him to go on, and writes fully of the state of public feeling in Massachusetts, her anxiety is disclosed as she writes him that she bids adieu to domestic felicity perhaps until the meeting

with her husband in another world, since she looks forward to nothing further in this than sacrifices as the result of the impending contest.

The terrors of war, the alarm of her neighbors, and pestilence followed; but Abigail Adams, though she wrote that her heart had felt like a heart of lead, never flinched nor faltered. Troops were near, some of her relatives fell in the struggle, the visits of her husband were rare; but she cared for her four young children, inspired her neighbors, and held steadily to her duty.

LONELINESS

In November, 1777, John Adams was again with his family, and not to return to congress, for during his absence he was selected to represent the new nation in France. Just before his return to his home, she had written him "that of their thirteen years of married life, she had passed three of them in separation from her husband"; and now a longer separation was at hand.

Her intense love for her husband was stronger than her selfish longing for his presence, and she urged him to go; but when, in February, 1778, with his eldest son, John Quincy, then a lad of eleven years, he set sail for France, she was left behind as the sole stay of her family. She remained in seclusion, caring for her children, overseeing her husband's property, and struggling as best she could under the terrible conditions, which

were aggravated by the depreciation of the continental paper money until its value was almost mythical. The British cruisers had almost swept the American vessels from the seas, and letters to and from her husband and absent boy were rare indeed. The agony of that long suspense was bravely and uncomplainingly borne, and to-day we realize that even the sufferings of the men at Trenton and Valley Forge were hardly greater than those of the women, waiting in their almost unbroken suspense in their lonely scattered homes.

AS THE WIFE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE TO ENGLAND

The war at last was ended, but John Adams was not to return to his wife, for his country had selected him to represent her in England; but while he was not to come to her, she was to go to him, and in 1784 she became the first American representative of her sex at the court of Great Britain.

King George was mortified at the result of the war, and the gracious sovereign was most ungracious to America's representative; while his queen, employing such arts as only a woman can, tried to make Abigail Adams's life almost unendurable. The courtiers quickly followed the hints from the throne, and increased the confusion arising from the tottering condition of affairs at home and the uncertainty that was felt about the ability of the States to govern themselves,—an uncertainty which was shared by their warmest friends.

But John Adams never lost his dignity, nor did his wife cease to be a lady. She rose above the insults, ignored the slights, encouraged her husband, and contrived to find many experiences that pleased her. But she never quite forgave the queen, and when later she wrote, in the troubles which the change of fortune's wheel brought to her, "Humiliation for Charlotte is no sorrow for me," few found it in their hearts to blame her. Even her Puritan faith, which enabled her to "bear all things," was not quite equal to the task of "thinking no evil." Perhaps, however, it was not her thoughts but the queen's actions after all which were evil.

AS THE WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT

After their return to the United States John Adams became vice-president, and when Washington retired, he was chosen president, and Abigail Adams became the first lady of the land. Her long period of seclusion, her travel and residence abroad, as well as her native ability, had well fitted her for the duties of her new position, and as she mingled freely in society, first in New York and then in Philadelphia and Washington, the seats of government, she won friends rapidly and held them easily.

She was the trusted counsellor of her husband, the friend of the leaders, and her deep interest in political matters made her opinions sought; while

42 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

she still remained the gentle lady. The years were stirring, busy ones, and Abigail Adams did her part.

In one particular she was more intense than her husband, and that was in her feeling against his political enemies; for John Adams had tried the plan of mollifying his opponents by offering them office, with the customary result of anger on the part of his friends and misunderstanding by his enemies. Civil service "reform" was a failure before it was old enough to be "reformed," and soon John Adams went out of office and Thomas Jefferson went in. The wife's feelings toward Jefferson were bitter, but she wrote him a letter of sympathy when his daughter died, for she had been warmly attached to her. Jefferson replied feelingly, and tried to patch up the old quarrel, professing not to believe that she had written without the knowledge of her husband, as she had declared she had.

HER LETTERS

But Abigail Adams will be chiefly remembered for her "Letters." They are free and candid pictures of the times, and display no small degree of literary merit. Indeed, they may be said to be the best literary production of American women up to the time when they appeared. They are light and graceful, then again at times strong and logical, while through them all runs a marked power of description.

Judge Vanderkemp of New York begged permission to publish them, and at last this was reluctantly given. Several editions appeared, and one, in 1848, contained a memoir by her grandson, Charles Francis Adams.

LENGTHENING SHADOWS

Her health had been affected by her residence in Philadelphia and Washington, the latter then just emerging from the wilderness, and she was glad to retire to Braintree, or rather to that part of Braintree which was named for her maternal grandfather, Quincy. Still she maintained her interest in public affairs, for her son had entered the field his father had abandoned. Her life was mellowing, and she rejoiced that she had lived when she did. She wrote Mrs. Warren in 1807: "If we were to count our lives by the revolutions we have witnessed, we might number them among the antediluvians. So rapid have been the changes that the mind has been outstripped by them, and we are left like statues gazing at what we can neither fathom nor comprehend."

On the twenty-eighth of October, 1818, the end came gently, as comes the close of a quiet summer day. A vast concourse of people assembled to honor her memory. The pastor of her church offered prayer, and the president of Harvard College delivered a fitting address. As his words were brought to a close, and he declared "that she was

44 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

fitted for a better happiness than this world can give," the people who had assembled to honor Abigail Adams because she had been the wife of one president and the mother of another, turned slowly away, realizing that it was meet that she should be honored most of all for what she herself had been and done.

IV

THE BLASTED HERB

THIS song was written by Meshech Weare, a graduate of Harvard, and for a time president of New Hampshire. It first appeared in 1774 in Fowle's *Gazette*, but was soon after set to the music of a "psalm tune," and was very popular in all the colonies.

Rouse every generous, thoughtful mind,
The rising danger flee,
If you would lasting freedom find,
Now then abandon tea.

Scorn to be bound with golden chains,
Though they allure the sight ;
Bid them defiance, if they claim
Our freedom and birth-right.

Shall we our freedom give away,
And all our comfort place,
In drinking of outlandish tea,
Only to please our taste ?

Forbid it Heaven, let us be wise,
And seek our country's good ;
Nor ever let a thought arise
That tea should be our food.

46 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Since we so great a plenty have,
Of all that's for our health ;
Shall we that blasted herb receive,
Impoverishing our wealth ?

When we survey the breathless corpse,
With putrid matter filled ;
For crawling worms, a sweet resort,
By us reputed ill.

Noxious effluvia sending out,
From its pernicious store,
Not only from the foaming mouth,
But every lifeless pore.

To view the same enrolled in tea,
Besmeared with such perfumes,
And then the herb sent o'er the sea,
To us it tainted comes —

Some of it tinctured with a filth,
Of carcasses embalmed ;
Taste of this herb, then, if thou wilt !
Sure me it cannot charm.

Adieu ! away, oh tea ! begone !
Salute our taste no more ;
Though thou art coveted by some
Who're destined to be poor.

V

MY LADY'S CELEBRATION

"AH, my lad, you're a jewel! That's just such a colt as we need."

"But she's mine, she's mine! You can't have her! You can't have her!"

The first speaker laughed, as he dismounted and quickly threw a halter over the head of the roan colt which Thomas Rodman was holding by her mane. Disregarding the protests of the boy, he lightly leaped again into his saddle, and, turning to the dozen or more scarlet-coated dragoons with him, gave the word for them to advance.

"Sumter isn't the only 'gamecock' in South Carolina, I see," he called out to Thomas, as his band started on in obedience to his command. "You want to be thankful, my boy, that we've only taken the colt, and not swung her owner from the first tree by the roadside."

Thomas made no reply as he stood and watched the company, which rode rapidly up the road and soon disappeared around the bend. He had not taken his eyes from his roan colt "My Lady" as long as she could be seen, and had noted her looks of surprise as she glanced back, as if she could not

48 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

understand why her young owner did not come, too. For several minutes after My Lady and the band of dragoons had disappeared, Thomas remained standing where he had been, as if he could hardly realize his loss; and then he started slowly to return to his home.

And this was the end of it all! All his care had been vain, and now My Lady had been taken, along with nearly all the live stock and provisions on his father's place. For months his father had been with Sumter, and the care of the home and of his mother had fallen upon Thomas.

Again and again they had been visited by prowling bands of Tories and of Tarleton's men, until the roan colt had alone been left, and she had escaped only because her owner had kept her concealed in the forest for weeks now, and had stealthily visited her every day. My Lady must be saved at all hazards. Ever since she was a little colt Thomas had cared for her as his own special property. She would follow him about like a dog, and more than once had tried to come in through the door of the house to be with him. He was positive that every word he spoke was as well understood by her as her low, affectionate whinny was by him.

Yes, My Lady was one of the family, and Thomas had cared for her as tenderly as if her life was as valuable as his own, on every day except this fatal one. He had permitted her to fol-

low him out from the shelter of the forest to the roadside, and while he had been talking to her there, suddenly the band of dragoons had swept into sight, and before he could reenter the forest they were upon him, and My Lady was gone. It had all occurred so quickly that, before he fully realized what had taken place, the scarlet coats had disappeared and the roan colt had disappeared with them.

"My Lady's gone! My Lady's gone!" he broke out, when at last he entered the house and stood before his mother.

"What do you mean, Thomas? Have you lost her?"

"Yes. The dragoons have taken her." And in a moment the heartbroken boy had poured forth his story. He was so filled with the thoughts of his own loss that he did not for a moment notice the silence of his mother; but when he glanced up, and saw that her face was deadly pale, his own sorrow was forgotten as he quickly said: "Are you ill, mother? What's the trouble? You're as pale as a ghost."

"I've just had a word from your father, which he sent by one of the men in the camp. He writes me that he will be here in the morning, and that his division of Sumter's men is to pass by here then. I don't think he knows anything about the dragoons being here, and it may be that they are fixing a trap for him."

"Oh, if I only had *My Lady*!" groaned Thomas, "I'd soon get word to him."

"But you haven't," replied his mother, more calmly. "You had better go out and keep watch by the road. It will soon be dark now, and then you can't do anything; but if any one passes before then, you may be able to learn something."

Thomas at once left the room to follow his mother's directions, but for a long time nothing could be seen to break the monotony of the scene about him. The rough road faded out in the distance in the forest, the circling buzzards flew over the tree-tops, and the crows called hoarsely one to another as they passed above him. All else about the place was still. Not even a chicken had been left by the marauding bands, and the hard and hopeless feelings of the boy seemed to be mirrored in the scene about him.

The sun sank lower and lower, and the approaching gloom served only to deepen the feeling of despondency within his heart. When would the awful war be over? Starvation would soon threaten them at home, the place had been stripped bare of its valuables, all his care for *My Lady* had been useless, and now, to crown all, was the danger which threatened his father, and the deep grief of his mother. He fancied he could see her face now, already showing the marks of hunger and suffering, increased by the danger of his father. The sun was below the horizon now, and he must return to her.

He arose from the log on which he had been seated, and slowly began to walk up the long lane which led to the house. He turned for a last glance up and down the road, and suddenly stopped and gazed earnestly in the direction in which the dragoons had disappeared when they had departed with My Lady. A thin curl of smoke could be seen coming over the tops of the trees at a distance of what he thought must be about a mile, and he knew at once what it meant. The dragoons had gone into camp there, and with them must be My Lady.

He knew the place they probably had selected, — a grove of pines a little back from the road and near to the brook, or "run," which made its way down the hillside to the valley below. It was an excellent place for a camp, and they had probably tethered the horses near by.

The thought caused Thomas to run rapidly toward the house, and as he entered he said hurriedly to his mother: "The dragoons have gone into camp down by the run. I saw the smoke from their fire, and they'll be there for the night, I'm sure."

"It is as I feared," replied his mother slowly. "They'll probably be there on the lookout for your father and his men when they pass by."

"But I've a scheme to spoil their game," said Thomas eagerly, and in a few words he explained his plan to his mother.

52 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Her face lightened for a moment as she listened, and then she shook her head. "I'm afraid to have you try it, Thomas. Perhaps your father may not come, after all, or, if he does, he may be able to pass them. But it's too great a risk for you. What should I do if I were to lose you both?"

"I'll be careful. I will, mother. If I see the least bit of danger, I'll turn back. I'll promise you I will. Just let me try it, that's all I want. Think of father, too!"

As his mother hesitated a moment, Thomas took her silence for consent, and quickly left the house before she could recall him. He did not look back, and so could not see that she stood in the doorway and watched him until he soon disappeared in the dusk which had now settled over the land.

Meanwhile the eager boy pushed on until he came to the brow of the hill below which he thought the dragoons were encamped. No smoke could be seen now, and no light of a camp-fire appeared. He stopped and listened intently. The hooting of an owl and the mournful sighing of the wind as it swept through the tree-tops were all the sounds he could hear.

He waited a half-hour, and the silence was still unbroken. Perhaps he had been deceived, or, if they had stopped, it had been only for supper, and they had now gone on. Half hoping and half fearing that this was true, he slowly and silently began to move down the hillside. If they were

there and should discover him, doubtless that threat of the leader, "to swing him from the first tree they found," would be carried out. Thomas knew that more than one stanch Whig in South Carolina had been treated in that manner, and he had no reason for believing that there would be any hesitancy in carrying out the threat which had been made to him.

He stopped frequently, and, within the shelter of the trees by the roadside, peered keenly ahead of him. As yet nothing had been seen to alarm him, and he resumed his slow movements, each time feeling more positive that the dragoons must have gone. The silver vein of the moon appeared, and the clouds which were speeding across the face of the sky now shut out the dim light, and now passed on to leave the outlines of the trees and road clearly discernible to Thomas, whose eyes were soon accustomed to the darkness.

He had been crouching low, and striving to keep within the shadows, but he was about to arise and advance more boldly, satisfied now that the men must have gone, when his ear suddenly caught the sound of something or some one moving in the road before him. Hastily withdrawing from the road again, he waited, peering eagerly before him, and fearful that the loud beating of his heart would betray him, for it seemed to the frightened boy that such thumpings as were going on within him must be heard by others if they were near.

Out from the darkness he soon saw the form of a man emerge. His gun was over his shoulder, and Thomas at once realized that he was a guard, and that the dragoons must still be in camp. Hardly knowing whether to rejoice or to be dismayed at his discovery, he managed somehow to remain silent until the guard passed and repassed, and then stealthily and slowly he withdrew further into the woods to decide upon what course of action he should pursue.

The men must be asleep by this time, he thought, as he glanced up at the moon. They would not be likely to have a guard on the forest side, he also concluded; and if that were true, his best plan would be to try to approach from that side.

At once deciding to follow that suggestion, he began very slowly and with increased carefulness to make a *détour*. He passed from tree to tree, pausing after he had gained each to listen and look about him. As yet his presence had not been discovered, but how slow his progress was!

He had no means by which to reckon the passing of the hours but the moon, and when at last he had gained what he thought must be a good distance beyond the camp, he saw that she was high in the heavens. No signs of a guard had appeared in the forest, and he concluded that his surmise was correct, and that none had been stationed there. Doubtless they considered that one in the road would be sufficient, and were content to trust to him.

For some time Thomas remained silent in the position he had gained, waiting and hoping that something would occur to indicate to him where the object of his search was. But for a long time the hooting owl, whose calls had at length summoned forth the replies of others, and the sighing winds, were all that he could hear.

Suddenly he started back and began to run as the whinny of a horse was heard not far away. Quickly recovering himself, he began to move in the direction from which the sound had come. He stepped softly and moved so slowly that it was some time before he arrived at a place where he could see before him, and then his heart almost stood still when he saw a group of horses not far away. He could make out that they had been tethered; but had a guard been placed over them? That was the all-important question now, and again he waited for what seemed to him a full hour. The night was passing and he must act quickly.

Crawling now from bush to bush and from tree to tree, he drew nearer and nearer to the horses. No guard could be seen, nor had he as yet heard the call of any. The horses were only a few yards away now, and he tried to discover whether My Lady was among them; but the outlines of their forms were too indistinct for him to determine whether she was there or not. There was no help for it — he must call her.

In a low voice he gave the call which he knew

she would recognize if she were there, and then waited. No response came. Again he tried it, this time calling more loudly, but still no response was heard. He waited several minutes before he repeated the call, and then again tried ; but still no answer came, and he was satisfied that My Lady could not be there.

Disappointed and almost heartbroken, fearful that the roan colt either had been sent on ahead or retained within the camp, he slowly began to make his way back, when suddenly a loud whinny by one of the horses before him was answered by another far to his right. Then there was another group of horses, and perhaps more than one !

The problem was becoming more involved, and the danger greater. Whatever he did he must do quickly, for the morning would soon come, and for him to be discovered there would mean—Thomas shuddered, not daring even to speak the word to himself.

Once more he resumed his labors. Patiently crawling from bush to bush, and crouching low as he passed from tree to tree, he made his way toward the place from which he thought the answering whinny had come. His face and hands were soon scratched and bleeding, his clothing was torn, and his body was aching from his long-continued exertions. But on and on he moved, and was rewarded at last by seeing the group of horses before him. Was My Lady there ? He would soon know.

His heart almost stood still when, in response to his first low call, a glad whinny followed, which he quickly recognized as that of My Lady. He waited to see whether his call had been heard by any of the men in the camp or not, but he could not discover that any one was moving. As he glanced up, he saw the first faint streaks of the dawn in the east. If he was to act at all, it must be at once; and, still crouching low, he drew nearer to the horses. Which one was My Lady? It was still too dark to determine, and he must call again. He whispered the words this time, and was rejoiced as a low whinny sounded close beside him, and he knew that at last he had found the roan colt.

Standing erect now, he stroked her head for a moment, and then drew his knife and quickly severed the rope by which she was tethered. It was lighter now, and he could see above him. His first impulse was to leap upon her back and break away; but, quickly deciding against such a course, he threw his arm about her neck, and, whispering his fond words in her ear, all the time looking back in fear at the camp, he slowly withdrew, My Lady stepping as daintily and softly as if she too appreciated and shared in the danger.

If he could only gain the road above the guard now! Trembling in his eagerness, the resolute boy kept on, moving slowly, and followed willingly by the colt he loved.

“Look there! The roan colt's got away!”

Thomas stopped for an instant as he heard the call, and glanced over My Lady's shoulder toward the camp. The dragoons were stirring, and two were approaching to look after the horses. It seemed to him that his breath would never come again. The trees grew dark about him and he almost fell; but one more glance at the men, who had not seen him as yet, for he was in part concealed by the horse, convinced him that the time for action had come, and, whispering one word into My Lady's ear, he leaped quickly upon her back, and bending low over her neck, said, "Go, My Lady! Go!"

For a moment the men behind him appeared to be too astonished to realize what had happened; but their confusion lasted but a moment, for, with shouts and calls to their companions, they selected two of the horses and quickly started in pursuit. Only one was armed, and Thomas was wondering why he did not shoot. "They think they'll get both you and me, My Lady," he muttered. "You'll have to save us both if ever I'm to be saved."

Without saddle or bridle, with nothing to guide or control the roan colt, Thomas led in the race which followed. He was compelled to trust almost entirely to the instinct of My Lady, for, in his confusion and the dim light, he was not positive that he knew in which direction the road lay.

Behind him he could hear the cracking of the branches and the shouts of the men in pursuit. Sometimes they seemed to be gaining upon him, and

then their voices would sound further away, only to come again nearer, and he would bend low and whisper his words of encouragement to the faithful roan colt, who was swiftly making her way through the forest.

"Here we are," he said to himself, when a few moments later My Lady lightly leaped over the low brush fence and gained the open road. "Now I'd like to see any horse in Tarleton's army that can touch us! Not in there to-day," he said, a little later, when My Lady stopped for a moment, as if she were about to enter the lane which led to his house. "We've other work to-day. You'll have to do your best."

He caught a hasty glimpse of his mother as she stood in the doorway, and waved his hand as a salute. He could not tell whether she had recognized him or not, but his heart sank, when, glancing behind him, he saw two of the dragoons in swift pursuit. And they were gaining, too. Fleet as My Lady was, the powerful horses of the troopers appeared to be equally fleet. And they were accustomed to long hard rides, and had been better fed. Poor My Lady had been compelled to feed on the scanty grass which grew among the forests, and upon the tough leaves of the trees. For a time she could hold her own, but if the run should be a long one, the superior power of endurance in the pursuers' horses must win the day.

Thomas could hear the hard and fast beating of

My Lady's heart as she sped on, and it was not long before she began to show signs of distress. Soon she was trembling in every limb, and her labored breathing betrayed her suffering. Still, with nostrils that were quivering and eyes that were dim, she bravely struggled forward.

"Try a little more, My Lady," whispered Thomas, leaning low on her neck, and glancing quickly behind him.

The dragoons were gaining and a good half of the gap between them had already been closed. For a moment he thought of leaping from her back, and, leaving her to make her way on, try to seek safety for himself within the shelter of the forests which grew thick and close on either side of the road.

Leave My Lady? Never! Perhaps the dragoons would abandon the pursuit, for they must have gone seven miles by this time, and Sumter's men were known to be in the region. Another glance behind him showed that no such thought was in the pursuers' minds as yet. On rode pursuer and pursued, and Thomas groaned aloud as he saw that he was about to climb a long hill before him. My Lady never could do it, and before she could gain the summit the end must come.

"Try, My Lady! try!" groaned the boy; but the roan colt's eyes were glassy, and there was no response to his pleading. Half the distance up the hill had been covered now, and My Lady still



HE CAUGHT A HASTY GLIMPSE OF HIS MOTHER.

Page 59.

struggled on. The dragoons were already at the base, and as Thomas looked back he saw one of the troopers bring his gun to his shoulder. The lad dropped his head upon the horse's neck and waited in an agony of suspense for the report.

Would it never come? My Lady had almost gained the summit now, and although she was stumbling she was still plunging forward. Suddenly the report of the gun was heard, and the *thud* of the bullet followed. At first Thomas thought he had been hit, but My Lady stopped, trembled for a moment, and then fell heavily forward, throwing her rider to the ground.

In a moment he had scrambled to his feet and started on, unmindful of the shout which had greeted his fall. As he came up over the summit of the hill he stopped, breathless and almost fainting. There before him was a band of twenty horsemen. Was he caught between the lines of the enemy? He started to run into the forest, when he suddenly heard his name called, and, stopping abruptly, recognized his father.

The dragoons also had recognized the newcomers by this time, and, like the famous men who marched up the hill and then marched down again, they, too, turned and fled.

"We heard the shot, and rode forward to learn what it meant," said Thomas's father, after he had listened to the boy's story. "Now we'll go and attend to My Lady."

62 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

But My Lady was beyond the need of their care. The bullet had found its way to the roan colt's heart, and the double race was ended.

"Well," said Thomas Rodman's father softly, "My Lady has celebrated the Fourth of July. She has laid down her life for her country. If it had not been for her we should have gone straight on into Tarleton's trap. We'll meet them now on better terms."

And meet them they did in the famous engagement on the twelfth of July, 1789, about a week after My Lady's celebration of the Fourth.

VI

SOME FAMOUS CELEBRATIONS OF THE FOURTH OF
JULY

ONE of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence is said to have expressed the desire that he might rise from his grave a hundred years later to witness the manner in which posterity would observe the Fourth of July. If his wish could have been gratified, the venerable patriot would have found a decided change in the manner of the celebration, but none in the feeling which inspired it. Posterity, too, would undoubtedly have turned the tables on him, eagerly questioning him in turn as to the celebrations in his day; but even without his aid its questions can be partially answered.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION

This was on July 8th, 1776, "a warm sunshine morning," as one of those who were present described it. John Nixon read the Declaration in the yard of the State House, and the great assembly of people gave "three repeated huzzas." The King's arms were taken down from their place in the State House, and then the proclama-

tion was made to each of the five battalions on the commons. The evening was clear and starlight, and bonfires were kindled, bells were rung, "with other demonstrations of joy upon the unanimity and agreement of the Declaration." All this was in Philadelphia.

On July 9th, Washington himself gave orders as to the manner in which the celebration was to be made in New York. The Declaration was read before the army, and in the presence of the people assembled, scenes similar to those in Philadelphia were enacted, although the New York celebration went a step further, and in their enthusiasm the people tore down and beheaded the statue of George III., "the troops long having an inclination to do so."

The news was hurried forward to Boston, and the messengers made such incredibly fast time that they arrived on the 18th of July. The people were dressed in their "holiday suits," and with the soldiers thronged the streets. Exactly at one o'clock, Thomas Crafts arose in the town house, and read aloud the Declaration, the men stood up and repeated the words of their officers, and swore to uphold the rights of their country. The town clerk read the Declaration from a balcony to the crowd, "at the close of which a shout, begun in the hall, passed to the streets, which rang with loud huzzas, the slow and measured boom of cannon, and the rattle of musketry." Then there was a

banquet in the council chamber, "to which all the richer citizens were invited," while great quantities of liquor were distributed among the people, and in the evening there was a general illumination of the entire town. There was no statue of King George to be broken, but the people did the next best thing, for they tore down the lion and the unicorn from the east wing of the State House.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION BY CONGRESS

One of the letters of John Adams gives the following description: "The thought of taking any notice of this day was not conceived until the second of the month, and was not mentioned until the third. It was too late to have a sermon, as every one wished, so this must be deferred to another year. Congress determined to adjourn over that day and to dine together. The general officers, and others in town, were invited, after the President and council, and Board of War of this state. In the morning the 'Delaware' frigate, several large galleys, and other continental armed vessels, the 'Pennsylvania,' ship and row galleys, and guard-boats were all hauled off into the river, and several of them were dressed in the colors of all nations displayed above the masts, yards, and rigging.

"At one o'clock, the ships were all manned; that is, the men were all ordered aloft, and arranged upon the top yards and shrouds, making a striking

66 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

appearance of companies of men drawn up in order in the air. Then I went on board the 'Delaware' with the President and several gentlemen of the Marine committee, soon after which we were saluted with a discharge of thirteen guns, which was followed by thirteen others from each other of the armed vessels in the river, then the galleys followed the fire, and after them the gun-boats.

"Then the President and the company returned in the barge to the shore, and were saluted by three cheers from every ship, galley, and boat in the river. The wharves and shores were lined with a vast concourse of people, all shouting and huzzaing. . . . At three, we went to dinner and were very agreeably entertained with excellent company, good cheer, and fine music from the band of Hessians captured at Trenton, and by continual volleys between every toast from a company of soldiers. . . ."

The letter then goes on to describe the processions and salutes of the soldiers, and expresses the surprise of the writer in the evening to behold nearly every house lighted by candles in the windows, though "a few surly houses were dark." "I had forgot," he continues, "the ringing of bells all day and evening, and the bonfires in the streets and the fireworks played off. Had General Howe been here in disguise, or his master, this show would have given them the heartache."

Richard Henry Lee, from his home, sent the following description of the celebration in 1778:

"We had a magnificent celebration of the anniversary of independence yesterday, when handsome fireworks were displayed. The Whigs of the city dressed up a woman of the town with the monstrous head-dress of the Tory ladies, and escorted her through [the streets] with a great concourse of people. Her head was elegantly and expensively dressed, I suppose about three feet high and proportionate width, with a profusion of curls, etc., etc., etc. The figure was droll and occasioned much mirth. It has lessened some heads already, and will probably bring the rest within the bounds of reason, for they are monstrous indeed. The Tory wife of Dr. Smith has christened this figure *Continella*, or the *Duchess of Independence*, and prayed for a pin from her head by way of relic. The Tory women are very much mortified, notwithstanding this."

CELEBRATIONS IN THE CONTINENTAL CAMPS

Always, even from the earliest years, there was the noise of guns and the salute of thirteen by the cannon. If the wives of the officers were present, an elaborate party or dance was usually arranged. In many of these celebrations the wives of Generals Knox and Greene were leaders, and sometimes they even prevailed upon the great Washington himself to open the ball.

For example, in 1777, at Morristown, every soldier was ordered an extra gill of rum, and there was a celebration by the *feu de joie*. In 1778, on the 3d, an order was sent out that the day would be "celebrated by firing thirteen pieces of cannon and a *feu de joie* of the whole line." Droll processions were formed and images of prominent Tories and redcoats were carried about, King George and Lord North being favorite subjects, and the effigies afterwards were burned. Perhaps this was the origin of the "Antiques and Horribles," who later became familiar sights in the celebrations, and it is possible that the irreverence of our so-called "comic" papers may be traced back to those days.

In 1779, at West Point, there was the usual noisy outbreak, which this time was given variety by an order of Washington, "to grant a general pardon to all prisoners in this army under sentence of death." In 1782 occurred the last celebration of the Revolutionary army as such. "The whole army was formed on the banks of the Hudson, on each side of the river. The signal of thirteen cannon being given at West Point, the troops displayed and formed lines, when a general *feu de joie* took place throughout the army."

YEAR OF THE TREATY OF PEACE

In the year 1783 a change in the manner of the celebration took place. There was still the noisy demonstration with guns and bells, and processions marching up and down the streets; but new

features were added. These were orations by leading men, and a dinner served gratis on many a village or city common for the crowds. Among the toasts were "The United States," "The President," "The Constitution," "George Washington," and, of course, "The Daughters of America." The dinners were elaborate, and we are informed that "squirrels, chickens, green corn, the vegetables of the season"—and doubtless large quantities of those drinkables of which the Fathers of the Revolution were, we are afraid, not very sparing—were spread upon tables beneath the trees. Peace had come, and "thereat they rejoiced exceedingly." Even Boston abandoned the celebration of the "Massacre" (why they wanted to "celebrate" it, no man knows) and substituted the "Fourth of July," which remains even to this day.

THE JUBILEE CELEBRATION

Many things combined to make the fiftieth celebration one long to be remembered. The new nation had become a recognized power; republican ideas were growing, and just at that time sympathy with Greece and the South American republics, which had not long before cast off the yoke of Spain, was very strong. The past was not entirely gone either, for Jefferson, Adams, and Carroll were still living, as also were Madison and Monroe. Noise was still prominent in the celebration, but the oration had come to have a permanent place.

70 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

In New York there was a public reading of the Declaration, which occurred after a long procession had made its way from the Battery up through Maiden Lane, Pearl, and other "residence" portions of the town, to City Hall Park, where De Witt Clinton, then Governor of the State, reviewed the troops. It is said that Washington Square received its name on that day, and that ten thousand people had a great "ox-feast" there. In Boston more was made of the oration than in New York. Josiah Quincy was the orator of the day, while Webster, Peabody, and others responded to toasts; while over in Cambridge Edward Everett delivered one of his greatest addresses. In Washington an "Honorable Member" delivered an oration from the steps of the Capitol before a great throng, and all the leading officials and dignitaries of the nation were present. Under the field tent, which had sheltered Washington fifty years before, many guests and visitors were entertained. The living "Fathers" of the Declaration were invited to be present, but the weakness of old age prevented their acceptance.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

This celebration is still fresh in the minds of the people, and was the greatest in the history of the nation. Brass bands, cannon, bells, and orations were never more in evidence than on that day. The young nation had become a giant,

recognized as one of the great powers of the world. The centennial exhibition was the crowning success of the year; but hardly of less importance were the oratorical and literary achievements which the occasion called forth. Perhaps the three orations delivered on that day which will be longest remembered were those by William M. Evarts in Philadelphia, Richard S. Storrs in New York, and Charles Francis Adams in Boston. Poets and would-be poets scattered their hymns like snowflakes over the land; but the centennial hymn by Whittier beginning,

Our fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,

will probably live longest, though Bryant's centennial ode, which was read in the Academy of Music in New York, is a close second.

Will coming years see greater celebrations and rejoicings? The methods of celebrating doubtless will be modified, perhaps less ringing of bells and noise of cannon may attend it; but the enthusiasm of the people is still unmistakable, and in whatever form it finds expression, so long as the Fourth of July is celebrated with unabated zeal, and our children are fired by it with the same patriotism which animated their fathers and their forefathers, our nation is safe. The boys who to-day burn powder in its honor, will not be slow, should need arise, to burn powder in its defence.

VII

HOW THE RED DOE CHANGED OWNERS

"I'm afraid it's the last day I'll ever see."

So David Hunter said to himself as he rode on in the midst of the band of twenty men. Strange, determined-looking men were all of them, and as David glanced again at the leader, in spite of his own danger, he could but admire the strength and zeal of his captor. For David Hunter was a prisoner of David Fanning and his band of "outliers."

Just an hour before this time they had swept suddenly down upon his home, having learned in some way that the zealous Whig had returned, and before he could give the alarm, or make an attempt to escape, the house had been surrounded and he had been carried away. Even now he could not shut out the sight of his weeping wife and children as they watched his departure, and the great fear in David's heart was not of what might befall him, but of what would become of those whom he had left behind.

Did it pay? In spite of himself, the question forced its way into his mind. He had been

laboring day and night for the good of the colonies ever since the summer of 1776, and now it was the spring of 1781. And what had been accomplished? Cornwallis had raised the royal standard at Hillsboro on February 22d, 1781, and apparently the feelings of both Whigs and Tories had become more intense than ever before. The end seemed to be far away.

David Hunter smiled grimly at the thought of the part he himself had taken. Early and late he had been zealous in the defence of his friends and neighbors, and up to the present day had escaped all the plottings of his enemies.

Now, however, he was a prisoner of David Fanning, one of the most desperate of all the "outliers" in South Carolina in 1781-1782. He recalled many of the stories he had heard of his daring, and that he had been a carpenter until Major Craig had occupied Wilmington. Then a new field presented itself to Fanning's ambition. Clad in a long, white hunting shirt, Indian leggings and cavalry boots, and mounted on a common draught horse, he had first appeared as the leader of a band of eight or ten marauders. He had no home, seldom entered a house, and generally passed his nights alone in some solitary place. But Major Craig appreciated his energy and fearlessness, and had secured for him an appointment as colonel in the militia. Then the white hunting shirt gave place to a gorgeous British uniform, and the sword

and holster of pistols which the major also gave him were ever near him.

Proud as he was of these things, however, his chief pride was in the beautiful horse he rode,—the Red Doe,—a gift from a royalist named Lindsey. She had become famous for her speed and intelligence before the “outlier” owned her, and in his desperate ventures she also became one of his main reliances. Through her aid and that of his followers he had captured Colonel Philip Alston at his own house, and not long after swept suddenly down upon Pittsborough and carried away with him all the Continental officers stationed there.

David Hunter also thought of how his own near neighbors, Charles Spearing and Captains Dreck and Dye, had been shot by this man. Fanning had gone to Spearing’s home one night, and, after calling for him to come forth, had shot him as he stood in the doorway. And hangings and plunderings and murders had increased until all the people in the region between the Cape Fear and Peegee rivers were living in a constant state of terror, for no one knew when his turn to suffer might come.

And David Hunter’s turn had indeed arrived. He thought of all these things as once more he glanced ahead at the leader. Fanning was mounted on the Red Doe, and his sword and holster of silver-mounted pistols could be seen as clearly as his brilliant-hued uniform.

"There's no sympathy to be found there," thought David, as he looked away from Fanning at his other companions. "No, nor there, either," he added, as he noticed the grim expressions and forbidding looks of the men. "Well, I'm sorry for Mary and the babies. I should have liked too to live for my country; but if I have to die, I'll do it as a man and a Christian ought. I hope those who will be born a hundred years after I'm gone will appreciate the price we had to pay to give them a home and a country."

Still the men rode silently forward. Not a word had been spoken since they had left David Hunter's house and had swiftly followed the Red Doe and her rider mile after mile. Whither were they going? At times a faint hope arose in Hunter's mind that they were keeping him as a prisoner, and that they would deliver him up to some of the British officers. But that was not Fanning's method, as a rule, and he braced himself to meet the worst when it should come; for when he recalled the neighbors whose bodies had been left hanging from some tree by the roadside, he knew that he had little right to expect a better fate for himself.

Still on and on sped the men. The Red Doe apparently was as fresh as when they started, but many of the other horses were already showing signs of distress. The pace was a swift one, and apparently the leader had no thought of

resting. The horses' hoofs struck the earth together, and the appearance they presented was that of one large body moving swiftly and steadily up the road.

"Perhaps I've a chance yet," thought Hunter, when at last the men halted by the roadside and a consultation took place between the leaders. Apparently no one was heeding him; but he well knew that the first suspicious movement on his part would call forth a shot. No, his only hope lay in being quiet and waiting; but no one will ever know the breathless interest with which he watched the men as they stood and talked together.

Soon a band composed of half the men remounted their horses and retraced their way. David Hunter watched them until they were out of sight, and then turned just as the consultation ended. His heart sank and his lips became pale when he saw one of the men take a rope from his pack, and throwing one end over the limb of a tree arrange a noose in the other.

He knew just what those signs of preparation meant for him. If he had had any doubts, they would have been dispelled when Fanning approached him and said, "Well, Hunter, you'll have to follow the other Whigs we've sent on their way before you."

"And you can't send me on to Charleston as a prisoner?" David Hunter spoke calmly;

but he felt as if he never could draw breath again. It seemed to him as if his heart were held as in a vice and never would beat again; but none of his fear was betrayed in his manner or in his words.

"Can't be done," replied the "outlier." "I did think at first we'd keep you, for you're quite a fellow, if you are a traitor; but our plans have changed. You'll have to swing."

"Think of my wife and babies," pleaded Hunter. He saw no mercy in the man before him, but in his anguish the cry broke out almost without his knowledge.

"Other men had wives and babies, and they had a king too. You should have thought of the king, and your wife and babies would have been all right. No; you'll have to swing. Come!"

Well knowing that further pleadings would be useless, David controlled his emotion, and quietly followed the brutal leader until he stood beneath the swinging rope. Then for a moment he glanced about him. The men and horses were standing in a semicircle, but the sight of a struggling, desperate man had become so common to them all that no one displayed any special interest.

At the extreme right, and only about a yard from him, stood the Red Doe, and David thought that from her eyes there shone a gleam of pity. She had been well trained, and Fanning had no need to tie her on an occasion like this. The

other horses followed her as their leader, as the men did her rider. But no help, no hope, could the unfortunate man see on any side of him.

"Come; we'll give you two minutes to say your prayers in. Be quick, for we've other business to attend to," said Fanning roughly, stepping back behind the prisoner as he spoke.

And David Hunter folded his hands and knelt beneath that terrible rope hanging just over him. He had always been a God-fearing man, and every morning, in his home, with his wife and children kneeling about him, had prayed to Almighty God for help through the coming day. But how different it all was now. The sight of the rope had been almost like that of a twisting, crawling serpent.

And he could not shut out the vision of that rude little house that had been home to him for five long years. And what would become of his wife and babies now, without a protector in these terrible times when every man's hand seemed to be against his neighbor? He could not have told just what he was asking for; but he was thinking of One who had declared that not even a sparrow fell to the ground without the notice of the Great Father of all. "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

David opened his eyes. He did not realize how long he had been praying. It might have been for hours, so far as he knew. There stood the Red

Doe still looking at him with curious, pitying eyes. There stood the men just as they had been, not one having changed his position. And David still knelt, though his eyes were open now, and a new and sudden, perhaps wild, impulse was in his heart.

"Finished your prayers? If you have, we'll go on with the hanging." It was Fanning who was speaking, and his voice, though rough, was not altogether unkind.

"Yes, I've finished my prayers," replied David Hunter, as with one quick bound he leaped to his feet and threw himself upon the back of the Red Doe.

A quick pull at the bridle, a sharp word of command, and the beautiful beast was off up the road like a flash of light. It all happened so quickly, that for a moment the band of "outliers" were speechless with surprise; but it was only for a moment. David, bending low on the Red Doe's beautiful neck, glanced backward as he heard the shout of astonishment and anger which came a moment later.

He saw the guns quickly raised to the shoulders of the men; he heard the sharp command of Fanning to "aim high," and even then was dimly conscious that the leader was thinking of his fleet little steed; he closed his eyes and waited for the report.

In a moment the sound of the volley rang out, and

he felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder, and knew at once that the arm was useless, but also that only one bullet had hit him. Releasing his grasp on the bridle, he took a firm hold of the Red Doe's mane with his right hand, and leaning low on her neck began his race for life. From behind came the shouts and calls of the angry men; but their muskets were empty now, and David knew that if the Red Doe could gain in the first of the pursuit, the end would take care of itself.

So on and on he urged the beautiful mare, which seemed to realize that life and death were hanging on her efforts. Her hoofs seemed hardly to touch the ground. In long, steady leaps she rushed forward, and David Hunter was clinging desperately to her neck. He could feel the red drops trickling from his left hand, and knew that by them the pursuers would have little difficulty in tracing his course.

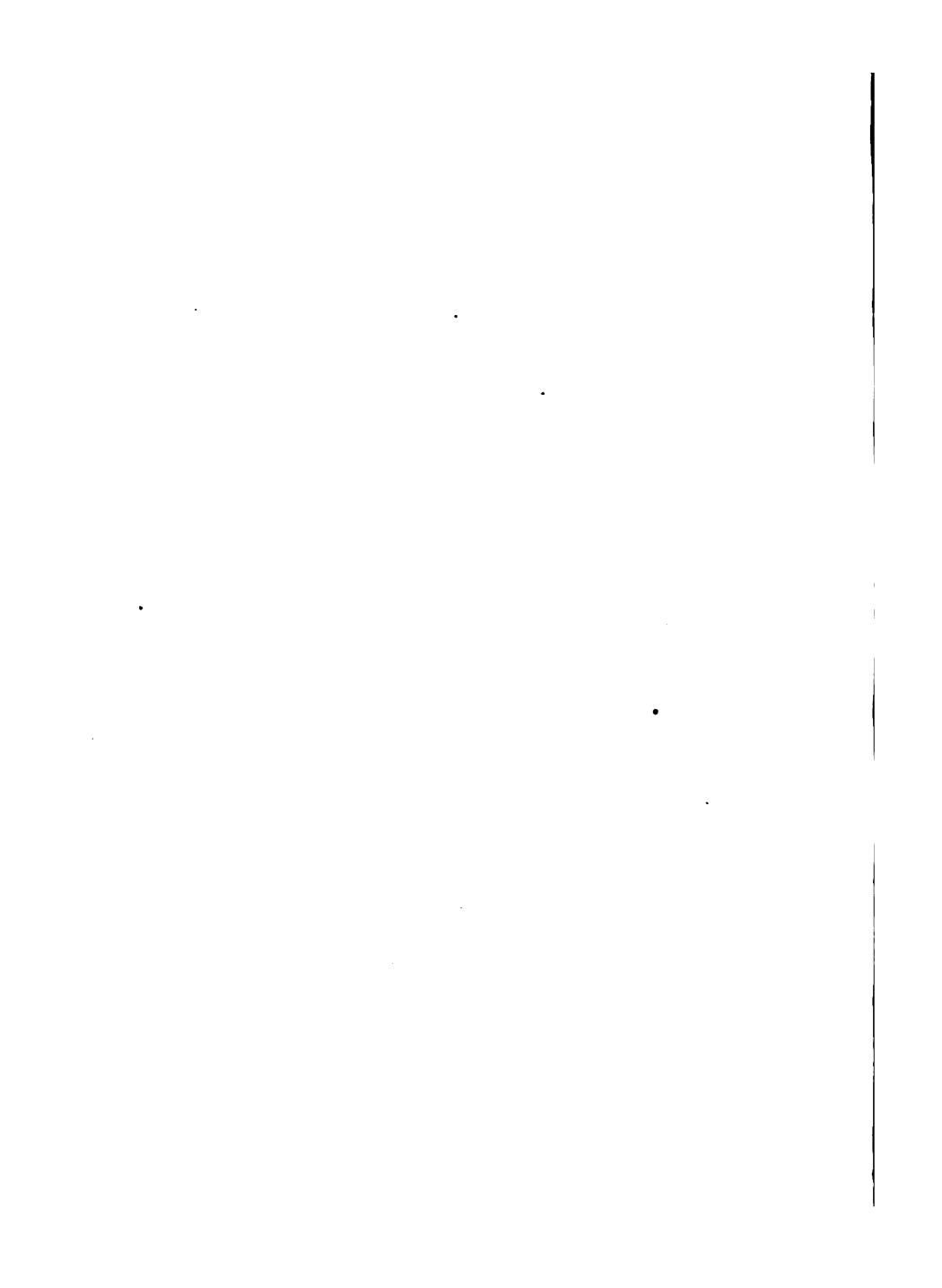
Under him he could feel the holster of silver-mounted pistols, which, next to the Red Doe herself, had been the pride of David Fanning's heart. Not an effort would be spared by him to regain the double prize. But the prize before David Hunter was far greater than either or both, for it was life itself.

On and on he urged the Red Doe. Soon she was flinging the foam from her lips, and her heaving sides were wet. Her nostrils were like burning coals, and above her head appeared the



COME, WE WILL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS.

Page 79.



white and agonized face of David Hunter, who seemed to know no mercy for the beautiful beast beneath him. From time to time the shouts of his pursuers could be heard, now loud and now dim and distant; but David well knew they would follow him to the end.

The minutes passed, the hot sun mercilessly poured its heat upon beast and rider, but still the Red Doe sped on. The click of her hoofs grew monotonous; but whenever David thought of halting, he would hear that far-away call, and again would urge his noble steed forward. Suddenly she stopped and snorted with fear, and her rider lifted his head in surprise.

Before him lay Little River, and the road ended on the high bluff on the bank. The waters were high, and he knew at once there was no ford. Just then he again heard the call of the "outliers," and it was nearer than before. Something must be done, but what could he do? For a moment David hesitated, but only for a moment, for with his jaws set and an agonized expression on his face, he drew the Red Doe several steps back from the bank.

He waited a moment, but again that terrible cry of the "outliers" rang out, and then, with one quick word of command, David urged her forward, and with one strong leap she shot out over the bank and disappeared in the waters of Little River.

In a moment she rose to the surface, and after one snort of fear, arched her beautiful neck and struck out for the farther shore with David still clinging to her back. In a brief time she gained the bank, and her rider led her within the shadows of the forest, and then turned to see what his pursuers would do.

Soon they made their appearance; but the pursuit was ended, for not one of them dared or cared to follow the course of the fleet Red Doe. When David saw them turn backward in the road, he once more dropped on his knees; but this time there was no fear of the dangling noose before his eyes. It was a prayer of gratitude and not one for release, and it was not long before David Hunter, with the beautiful Red Doe, and the no less beautiful holster of silver-mounted pistols, was safe from all pursuit.

David Fanning remained in the field until the spring of 1782, when he made his way to Charleston and afterward to Digby, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1825, after having been a member of the assembly from Queen's County, New Brunswick, and serving as a colonel in the militia. Doubtless there the passions of the Revolution were forgotten, and his energy found a proper field in which to display itself.

As for the Red Doe, there are many of her descendants to-day whose owners are as proud of her story as they are of her beautiful offspring.

As for us, we cannot forget the question that arose in David Hunter's mind, and I am wondering whether to-day we are as brave, and are doing as much for our country as David, and many men like unto him, did in the time of her troubles. They labored, and we have entered into their labors. They paid the price, and we have received the value.

VIII

THE WIFE OF JOHN HANCOCK: A SOCIETY LEADER
IN THE REVOLUTION

THE New York *Gazette*, in its issue of September 4th, 1775, contained the following notice, under date of August 28th: "This evening was married, at the seat of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., at Fairfield, Connecticut, by the Reverend Mr. Elliot, the Honorable John Hancock, Esq., President of the Continental Congress, to Miss Dorothy Quincy, daughter of Edmund Quincy, Esq., of Boston. Florus informs us that in the Second Punic war, when Hannibal besieged Rome and was very near making himself master of it, a field upon which part of his army lay was offered for sale, and was immediately purchased by a Roman, in a strong assurance that the Roman valor and courage would soon raise the siege. Equal to the conduct of that illustrious citizen was the marriage of Honorable John Hancock, Esq., who, with his estimable lady, has paid as great a compliment to American valor and discovered equal patriotism by marrying now, while all the colonies are as much convulsed as Rome when Hannibal was at her gates."

The *Gazette*, in its grandiloquent words, seemed to imply that courage was needed by the Honorable John, Esq., but the student of the times wonders whether an equal amount was not needed by the gentle Dorothy, although she could not preface an honorable to her name, or write the omnipresent "Esq." after it. She was twenty-four years of age at the time, while the "Honorable John" was fourteen years her senior. While we know that he was "affable, liberal, and of polished manners and easy address," it is no less true that he was a man of "great decision of character." He was already known as "King" Hancock, and, so strong was the feeling that, when he ceased to be President of Congress, a vote of thanks was refused him, whereat the great John waxed "exceeding wroth."

When any gentle girl places herself and her future in the keeping of such a man, it sometimes means that even her will is also surrendered to the man who will "rule well his own household." The life of Dorothy Quincy Hancock, however, was a happy one, and doubtless, with her many gentle arts, she well knew how to bring even "the king" into subjection.

HER EARLY LIFE

For Mistress Hancock was a thorough gentlewoman. The daughter of Edmund Quincy, she had been accustomed to move in the best society, and the grace of culture and good breeding was hers

from her earliest days. Dwelling in a Puritan community, she had been trained to take a far more liberal view of life than the most of her neighbors, and she was well fitted to become the wife of John Hancock, the richest man in the colony, and himself governed less by Puritan standards and traditions than almost any of his associates. In his boyhood he was left an orphan and became the charge of his uncle, a wealthy business man, who sent him to Harvard, and after his graduation received him into his office, an almost unheard-of position then for a college graduate to take. In 1764 John inherited his uncle's wealth and business, and soon added to both. But his loyalty was intense, and in 1766 he was associated with Otis, Cushing, and Samuel Adams; his sloop in '68 causes the riot, in '70 he is one of the committee to demand the removal of the troops from Boston, and in '75 he is President of the Continental Congress. And the gentle, well-bred Dorothy Quincy had been well trained to become the wife and helpmate of the wealthy, patriotic, determined Honorable John, Esq.

AT THE OUTBREAKING OF THE REVOLUTION

She was with John Hancock at Concord when the British made their attack on that place and Lexington. Indeed, it is said that one of their prime motives next to capturing the stores was the capture of John Hancock. But they failed in this as

in the other, and Dorothy clung close to her husband, urging him on in his attempt to escape, and perhaps furnishing the inspiration which at last brought their swift ride to an end, and they both were safe in Woburn. From that time forward she was as devoted to the cause of the colonies as was her husband, and urged him to counsel the great commander to destroy Boston, though much of her wealth might go up in its flames.

IN THE WAR

Hers was not the life of the camps, places in which the wives of Washington, Greene, Knox, and others lent their aid and influence, but rather in the centres from which went forth the plans of war. Necessarily, her life was much more gay than that of many of the other ladies, although it, too, had its dangers. A large amount of entertaining fell to her as the wife of her husband, and we have many descriptions of her dinners. A large tankard of punch was made in her home each morning, and the visitors during the day were all urged to partake. Her dinners were usually given at one o'clock in the afternoon, unless the occasion was specially formal, when the hour of three was chosen. Suppers, however, were as frequently given as dinners, and the hour for these was six or seven o'clock. These were preferred by many, because they afforded a pleasant evening afterward.

In the evening Mistress Hancock so far forgot

her Puritan training as to indulge in cards, and as dancing was not considered criminal, that, too, was enjoyed. The line, however, was drawn at theatre-going, and neither Dorothy Hancock nor the Honorable John, Esq., ever crossed the threshold of the playhouse. As her husband was very punctilious and insistent upon all the details of dress and the formalities of the times, Dorothy Hancock was compelled to give much attention to her personal appearance, though as she was commonly known as a "splendid belle," perhaps this was no trial to her.

We have some graphic descriptions of the garb of the companies at her table, the gorgeous and vari-colored coats of the men, the brilliant dresses of the ladies, and, above all these, the marvellous dressings of the hair. The Whigs were not so pronounced in this last particular as the Tories, for the latter sometimes wore them "one-third higher than their bodies."

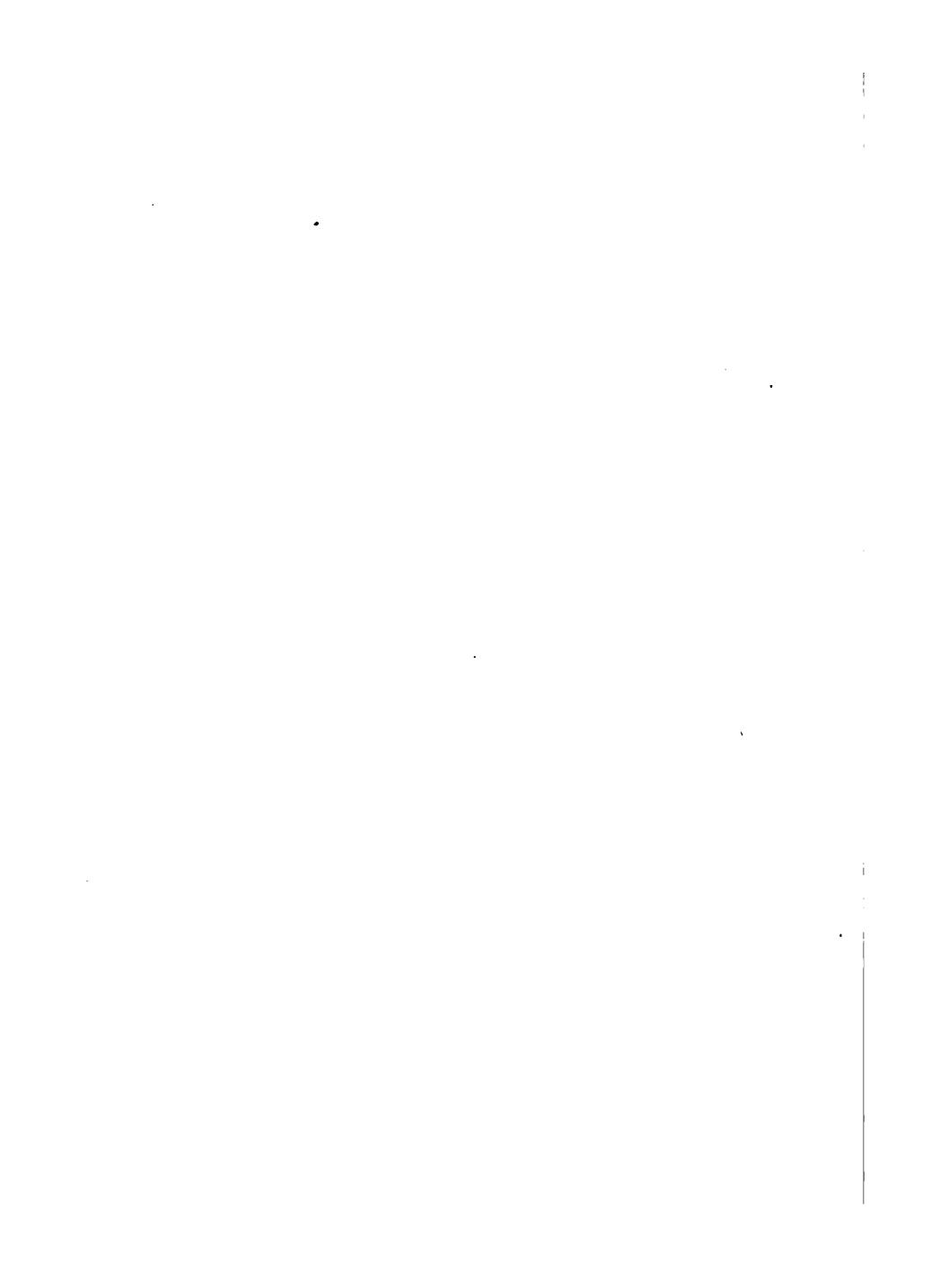
AS THE MANAGER OF THE HONORABLE JOHN, ESQ.

In spite of his fine physique and courtly bearing, John Hancock was a very nervous, overstrained, and irritable man. His greatness none denied, his ability to please when he exerted himself was well known, but he was quick-spoken, decided, and very tenacious of his opinion.

His bitter quarrel with Samuel Adams well illustrates this. But his wife soon learned just how to



THE WIFE OF JOHN HANCOCK.



deal with him. She was gentle, but won her way by her very gentleness, and perhaps it was from her that many a modern woman has learned how to gain her own way, while apparently leading her husband all the time to think that she is yielding in every particular to his wishes. So it came to pass that men who wished to gain the favor of the President of Congress found oftentimes the best route was *via* Mistress Hancock, and many a point was gained by the wife whom John Hancock loved with a passionate devotion, and of whom he was extremely proud, which the husband would never have granted of his own free will.

CHANGES

In October, 1777, John Hancock resigned his position in Congress. Worn by anxiety, the constant strain proved too heavy, and he laid the burden down. His wife, however, was delighted to be again in the Boston home. The house was on Beacon Hill, and considered a marvellous residence in its day. But "King" Hancock was not permitted to rest. The "insufferable piece of bravery," as one of his compatriots half angrily dubbed him, was elected to the convention of Massachusetts to aid in forming a constitution for its government, and in 1780 he was chosen the first governor.

Two years later he was reëlected, and served, with the exception of one year, till his death on

October 8th, 1793. So during all these years Mistress Hancock was compelled to be a society leader, and we are told that there were many stories current of her "uprightness, good sense, and benevolence."

OTHER CHANGES

John Hancock's death freed his wife from the strain of a public life, and in her freedom the widow Hancock chose to become the wife of Captain Scott. A changed husband brought a changed life. The formal dinners, the grand balls, the public duties, were largely gone, and Dorothy Quincy Hancock-Scott seldom went into society. Perhaps the seclusion was dear to her, although we read that whenever she did consent to grace the formal dinners or grand receptions with her presence, "she was received with great attention."

Her first husband was great, wealthy, strong, and a public man. Her second husband was quiet, domestic, and had no great name. Each loved Dorothy and was proud of her beauty and bearing. Which did she prefer? She lived until she was seventy-eight years of age; but history does not record that a word ever passed her lips indicative of her preference. It may be her answer would have been "both." At any rate, her secret lies buried with her body, and none will ever know.

IX

OFF FROM BOSTON

THIS song was sung by the Continentals after the British evacuated Boston. It had various titles. The name of its author is not known.

Sons of valor, taste the glories
Of celestial liberty,
Sing a triumph o'er the Tories,
Let the pulse of joy beat high.

Heaven hath this day foil'd the many
Fallacies of George the King;
Let the echo reach Britan'y,
Bid her mountain summits ring.

See yon navy swell the bosom
Of the late enraged sea;
Where'er they go, we shall oppose them,
Sons of valor must be free.

Should they touch at fair Rhode Island,
There to combat with the brave,
Driven from each dale and highland,
They shall plough the purple wave.

Should they thence to fair Virginia,
Bend a squadron to Dunmore,
Still with fear and ignominy,
They shall quit the hostile shore.

92 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

To Carolina or to Georg'y,
Should they next advance their fame,
This land of heroes shall disgorge the
Sons of tyranny and shame.

Let them rove to climes far distant,
Situate under Arctic skies,
Call on Hessian troops assistant,
And the savages to rise.

Boast of wild brigades from Russia,
To fix down the galling chain,
Canada and Nova Scotia
Shall disgorge these hordes again.

In New York state, rejoined by Clinton,
Should their standards mock the air,
Many a surgeon shall put lint on
Wounds of death receivèd there.

War, fierce war, shall break their forces,
Nerves of Tory men shall fail,
Seeing Howe with alter'd courses,
Bending to the western gale.

Thus from every bay of ocean,
Flying back with sails unfurled,
Tossed with ever-troubled motion,
They shall quit this smiling world.

Like satan banished from heaven,
Never see the smiling shore;
From this land, so happy, driven,
Never strain its bosom more.

X

THE RELEASE OF JAMIE McCLURE

“THEY’VE got us and the place too, this time.”

“It looks very much that way.”

“What a place to shut prisoners in, this is !”

“It’s as bad for us as the dungeon at Charleston.”

“Ed, do you really think Colonel Houk meant what he said, when he declared he’d hang us tomorrow morning ?”

“I’m afraid he did, Jamie. So many of the South Carolina Whigs have been served in that way, that I see no reason why we should hope to escape.”

Young James McClure made no reply to the words of his brother-in-law, Edward Martin, but turned and peered out between the slats of the rude corn crib in which they both were confined. On every side he could see the scarlet-coated men, who apparently were making preparations for passing the night on his mother’s plantation. They had tethered their horses, and were lounging about the place, or seeking for supplies, which James well knew they would not find, for almost every-

thing of value had long since disappeared. The hot air of that afternoon on the eleventh of July, 1780, wavered in the sunlight; and the sounds the locusts made were all that could be heard, for the men had become quiet, now that the place had been so easily secured.

An hour previous to this time, it had not been so, however. The two young men had been busily engaged in the kitchen in melting the few remaining pewter spoons into bullets. They had been suddenly interrupted in their occupation by the approach of Colonel Houk and his band of four hundred redcoats, and Mrs. McClure had needed no instructions to inform her of the purpose of their visit; for, only a few days before this time, she had encouraged her son, Captain John McClure, to take his band of thirty men, among whom were his three brothers and three brothers-in-law, and fall upon the British regulars in the vicinity. Captain John already had seen some active service, having served under Colonel William Washington in the engagement of Monk's Corner, and as he was as bold as he was brave, he had followed his mother's advice. The sudden attacks upon the British at Old Field and Mobley's meeting house had followed, and the success which had attended their efforts had routed the enemy, secured some of their horses, and given new courage to the faltering Whigs in the region.

But the British had rallied, and four hundred of

them had set forth from Rocky Mount to punish the rebels and recover the captured horses; and Colonel Houk, who was in command of the band, had well known where to direct his movements first, for John McClure's name was as well known among the redcoats as it was among the true-hearted Whigs. The sudden descent upon his home, however, had been fruitless, for Captain John, as well as his brothers and neighbors, was well aware that the camp of Sumter, thirty miles away, was a safer place than home; and much as he disliked to leave his mother and sisters with no other protectors than his young brother James, a lad of seventeen, and his brother-in-law, Edward Martin, it had been thought best to go.

The anger of Colonel Houk, when Mrs. McClure had boldly informed him that Captain John was gone, was great; and he had struck her twice with the flat of his sword before he discovered the presence of James and Edward. The melting pewter had at once disclosed their occupation, and in his increased anger the British colonel had sworn that they should both be hanged on the following morning, and then he had roughly thrust them into the rude corn crib as the most available place of safety, to wait for the hour to come.

Young James McClure thought of all these things as he peered out between the slats of the corn crib that July afternoon. He could see the guards marching back and forth on the premises,

and watched the angry colonel as he moved about among his men. Edward had become silent, and it was not long before James followed his example, although he still watched his captors, hoping that some word would be brought that the commander had relented.

The hours, however, passed, and no one approached their prison house. As the sun sank lower, the air became sultry, and the prisoners began to be tormented with thirst, as well as with anxiety. James called to the guard and begged for a drink of water, but the men had all received orders not to go near the crib, and his calls were unheeded. He saw his mother leave the house and start to approach his prison, but she was rudely hailed by the guard and compelled to return. Doubtless she had thought of the plight of her boy, and was coming with relief; but her effort was useless, and the despairing boy soon withdrew his gaze from the yard, and, seating himself in a corner of the corn crib, tried to face his danger bravely.

There was slight comfort to be gained, however. The dusk settled over the land, but the steady tramp of the guards was unbroken. It was evident that the men were preparing to pass the night on the plantation, and when James thought of the morning, and what it was to bring to him, he almost gasped, but it was not the sultriness of the July night which oppressed him. He was thinking of that terrible threat of Colonel Houk's,

and as the hours passed, he became more and more convinced that it would be carried out. Escape was impossible. The redcoats were on every side of them, and the watchful guards would detect their first movements.

If his brother John only knew of his danger! But John was thirty miles away, and was ignorant of the attack on his home. The thought of his brother brought tears into the eyes of the young prisoner, for, since the death of his father, he had been accustomed to look up to John as the ideal of all that was manly and true. He recalled all his tenderness and care, and for a time was almost overcome. He buried his face in his hands, and, though he uttered no sound, the tears would come, and he made no effort to restrain them, as he felt them slowly trickling between his fingers.

The hours dragged on. The moon came slowly up above the horizon and now was high in the heavens, but James had not noted her appearance, for he had not changed his position, and seldom had lifted his face from his knees. At times, it seemed to him that he must be dreaming; but the awful threat of the British colonel would sound again in his ears, and the present would come back again with redoubled force.

“James, are you awake?”

The young prisoner lifted his head and listened. It was his brother-in-law, speaking in a low whisper. “Yes, I’m awake,” he replied.

"It must be past midnight."

"I don't know. Ed, do you still think Colonel Houk will carry out his threat?"

"I'm afraid so, Jamie, my boy. It's hard, but we can't help ourselves. Are you afraid?"

James made no reply. Afraid? Yes, he had never before experienced such feelings. But above his feeling of fear was the sense of the dull, helpless misery. Would his mother and sister be witnesses? What would John think when he returned and first heard the sad story? He knew he would not be idle, but it would then be too late. For the first time James realized the awfulness of war. He had gloried in his brother's deeds, but never before had he thought what the consequences were to be. Oh, it was inhuman, awful! He felt as if he must cry aloud in his agony; but the hopelessness of it all presented itself again, and he soon settled into a state of silent misery, waiting for the slow hours to come and go, and never for a moment now forgetful of what the morrow was to bring forth. He had arrived at the conclusion that nothing could be done, and that he must meet his fate as bravely as a young boy could. And he kept his seat in the corner of the corn crib, waiting in helpless, silent misery for the morning light to come.

Meanwhile, although James and Edward were unaware of it all, there had not been an entire suspension of effort within the house. Mrs.

McClure, when she attempted to carry the water to the prisoners, had thought that she might be able to speak some word of hope, for she was not entirely hopeless herself; but her efforts were thwarted, and she had been compelled to return, and the word was not spoken.

As soon as she reentered the house, she said to Mary, her young daughter, "John is only thirty miles away."

"Yes, mother," replied Mary, looking keenly at her mother as she spoke.

"And if he knew of the danger here, he would not rest a minute."

"What do you want me to do, mother?" Mary spoke in a low voice, but there was an expression in her eyes which was seldom seen there. Mary was the daughter of Mrs. McClure and the sister of Captain John. Was it strange that something of the fire of each should be seen in her eyes at the time?

"We haven't a horse left about the place," said Mrs. McClure after a silence of a moment.

"I think there's one at Colonel Bratton's, if the British haven't taken it to-day."

For a full minute the two women stood looking into each other's face, but not a word was spoken. Mrs. McClure's face was that of a mother yearning for her children, but Mary's was set and hard, and her lips were tightly closed.

"I'll go just as soon as it's safe," replied Mary

100 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

at last to her mother's unspoken question. "You go to some other part of the house and leave me here, and I'll slip out the first chance I get. Colonel Houk knows how few men there are in this neighborhood, and he may not call me back if he should happen to see me. He'll not think I can do any harm."

Spartan mother though she was, Mrs. McClure for a moment clasped her daughter in her arms, and kissed her passionately. Was she to lose daughter as well as her son? None knew better than she the danger of that which Mary was about to attempt; but controlling her feelings, she soon turned and left the room.

For a time Mary moved about the house as if she had no thought of leaving it, and yet she was all the while watchful of the men outside. They had settled about the place, and were quiet now. Should she attempt to steal away without attracting their attention, or should she go boldly, as if she had no thought of anything beyond the plantation? She finally decided to wait for a favorable opportunity and leave the house when the men were not watching, but she would make no attempt to go stealthily, for such an action might only serve to attract the greater attention.

A half hour passed, and she was still moving quietly about the house. Another half hour followed, and yet she had not gone; but her heart was beating rapidly in her excitement, for she

knew the value of even the minutes in the work before her. She must act soon or her attempt to gain her brother's camp, if it should be successful, would be too late.

She approached the door and looked out once more upon the men. The most of them were stretched upon the ground beneath the shade. The guards, however, were walking back and forth; but none had been stationed at the rear of the house, for no danger was feared from that direction, and it was from that side she planned to depart.

Reéntering the house, she put on her sun-bonnet and then went out of the back door. Her knees were trembling so that she could hardly walk, and there was a lump in her throat she could not swallow, but she looked straight before her and went steadily on. Once or twice she thought she heard a summons to halt, but disregarding it each time she kept on her way, and never once glanced behind her until she had gained the trees that shut out the road beyond. Then she turned and looked at the soldiers, and her heart leaped as she saw she was not followed.

Quickly advancing within the shelter of the trees, she broke into a run and did not stop until she had turned into the lane that led to the house of Colonel Bratton, a good half mile from her own. The colonel she knew was with her brother John in Sumter's camp, but his wife was at home, and to

her she would go. Life and death now turned upon the question whether there was a horse about the place.

“It’s Mary McClure! What brings you here in such a plight, this hot afternoon? Have you had any word from the men? Has anything happened? Come right in and sit down, and cool yourself. I’ll get you a fan in a minute. What’s happened?” Mrs. Bratton rapidly uttered her disjointed questions, as she saw Mary McClure standing in the doorway of the kitchen where she was working.

For a moment the panting Mary was unable to reply, but quickly regaining her breath, she said, “The British have come! They’re going to hang Jamie and Ned, and I’ve got to get word to John! Oh, Mrs. Bratton, is Dobbin still on the place? Don’t say he’s been taken too!”

“It’s a good thirty miles to Sumter’s camp,” replied Mrs. Bratton, her face turning pale as she spoke.

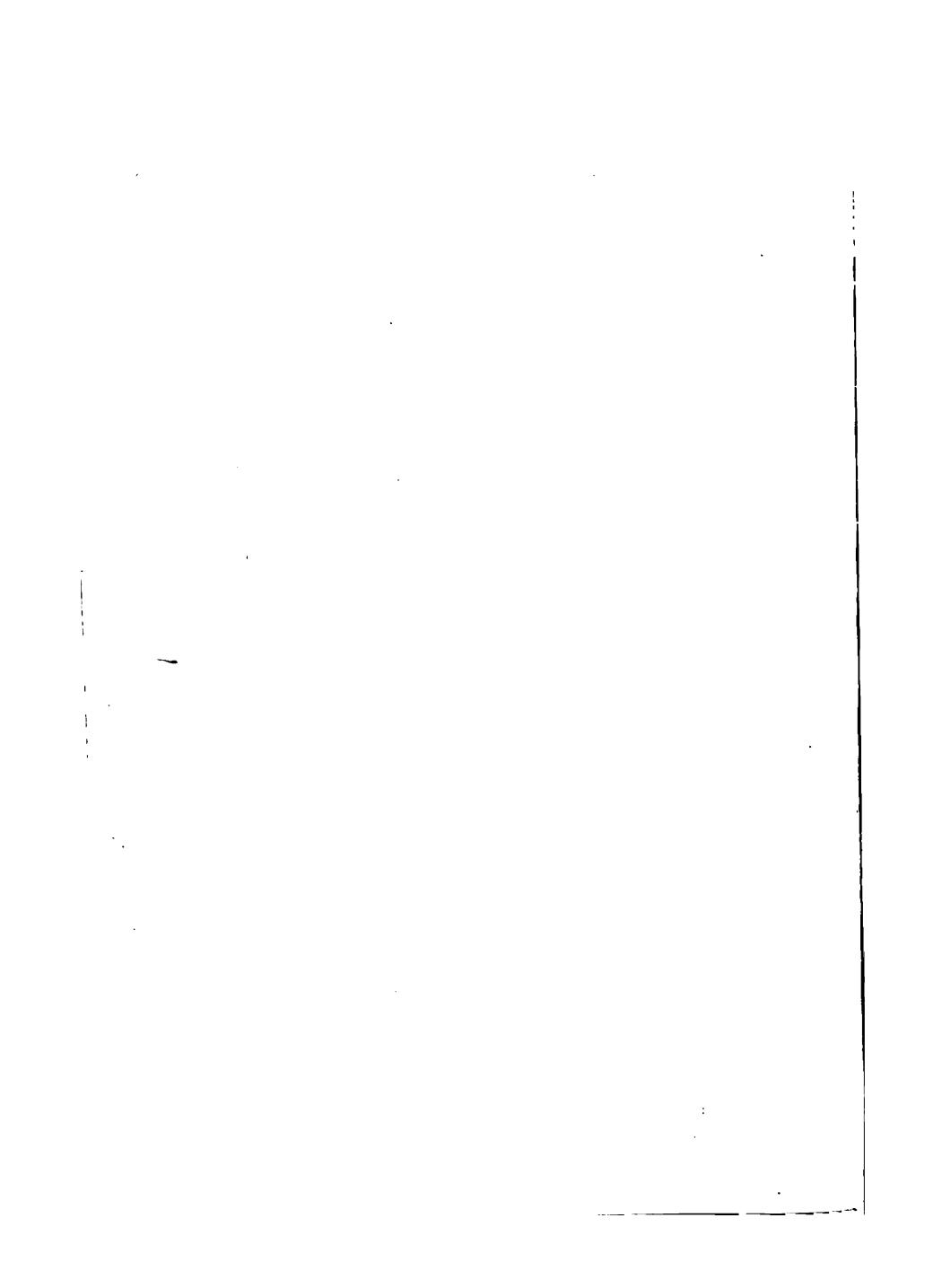
“I know it! I know it! And there’s not a moment to be lost! Is Dobbin still here?”

“Yes. I’ll help you get him. He’s out in the woods for safe keeping, but if he’s within hearing, he’ll answer my hail.” Mrs. Bratton took a bridle from its hiding-place, and at once started for the woods with the eager Mary. “You’re your mother’s own girl, Mary,” she said as they drew near the woods.



THE BRITISH HAVE COME!

Page 102.



"Just now I'm my brother's sister. Be quick, Mrs. Bratton, be quick!"

"We'll soon see now," said Mrs. Bratton, as she gave a low peculiar call.

A whinny quickly followed, and in a moment Dobbin appeared. He suffered himself to be caught, and the bridle was adjusted and Mary leaped upon his back. She had no saddle, but she cared little for that. She was mounted on a good fleet horse, and there was a bare possibility of saving her brother's life.

"Remember it's a good thirty miles. Save his wind all you can!" called Mrs. Bratton; but Mary did not even turn her head to reply. Her long desperate ride had begun, and she quickly disappeared from the sight of her companion, who then turned and reentered her house, divided somewhat in her feelings between her anxiety for the brave girl, and the fear of a visit from the British who were only a half mile away.

The sun sank lower and lower, and still Mary sped on. Dobbin was doing well, but he must have rest. Just as the sun set, Mary dismounted, and led her dripping horse into a brook and allowed him to drink his fill. She bathed her brow, and after a brief rest resumed her seat and urged Dobbin on and on. Her road led through long stretches of lonely woods, but the great fear in Mary's heart drove out all lesser ones, and she held resolutely on her way. The moon came out,

the stars appeared, and strange sounds were heard in the darkness, but still Mary McClure urged onward old Dobbin, who was doing his utmost to respond to her demands. Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, came, but no sign of Sumter's camp had yet appeared. Would the end never come? Again she gave Dobbin a brief rest, but as she resumed her seat on his back, she groaned aloud, for he was almost stumbling in his weakness.

"He'll never make it! Poor Jamie! Poor Jamie!" she groaned; but Dobbin had begun his long canter again, though how long he would be able to maintain it, Mary could not tell.

Eleven o'clock. The darkness was more intense now, and more than once Mary stopped, thinking that she had heard the sounds of approaching men. But the sighing of the wind alone could be heard. The very silence was oppressive. The fear in her heart increased. The night was rapidly passing, and the way must be retraced before anything could be done for her brother Jamie. Dobbin must try again, and once more she resumed her ride. The horse stumbled often now, and his breathing could have been heard yards away; but on and on his rider urged him, and the faithful beast responded as best he could.

A few minutes only had passed after her last effort before Sumter's camp was gained, and the wearied girl had told her story to her brother John.

"You are to stay here till I return," said Captain John. "It isn't midnight yet, and we shall make it in time, never fear, Mary. It was a bold ride and a good one."

Mary watched the band of a hundred and fifty men, whom her brother and Colonel Bratton led swiftly out of the camp, and turned to seek the shelter of the captain's tent.

It was not yet daybreak when John McClure and his band arrived within sight of the camp-fires of Houk's men. He ordered a halt, and the men concealed themselves in a thicket; while Bratton pushed forward to discover where the sentinels were stationed, where the horses were picketed, and all that could be learned concerning the force before him.

When he returned, he and Captain John laid their plans. John, with twenty men, was to attack the British on the eastern side; while the others were to fall upon the camp from the western side and endeavor to cut the dragoons off from their horses. At last all the arrangements were complete, and just as the first, faint streaks of the dawn appeared, the word was given, and with a yell that broke in strangely upon the still morning air, Captain John McClure led his men in their charge.

Meanwhile how fared it with the prisoners in the corn crib? The long hours had dragged slowly on, and nothing had come to bring relief

to the boys. There were times when James thought of trying to tear away the slats and fight his way out. Doubtless he would be shot, but that was better than being hanged. Each time, however, he had restrained his impulse, and waited, in a kind of dull, heavy misery, for the morning to come. Hope had gone now, and for hours neither of the prisoners had spoken to the other.

"There's the dawn," said James at last, as he saw a faint light in the east.

"Yes, the last we shall ever see," replied Edward hopelessly.

James made no reply. The truth of it all came home to him now with added force. The old house began to take shape in the increasing light, and all the familiar scenes of his boyhood could now be discerned. And it was the last time he was ever to look upon it all! Oh, it was hard, and the boy could not speak for a time, so strong were his grief and despair!

"Ed," he said at last, as he lifted his head and once more looked out upon the place, "there are not nearly as many men here as there were last night."

"Yes, that's so, but there are a good hundred left. That's enough to attend to us, and the others probably have gone off on some more of Houk's errands."

Once more James became silent. No one was stirring about the camp, and the very stillness was

oppressive. The end would soon come now, and he turned to resume his place in the corner, when suddenly a deafening yell broke in upon the silence.

Startled, James turned quickly and off to the east of the camp he saw a band of horsemen sweeping down upon the place. In an instant he recognized his brother John in advance, and his own cry rang out, "Oh, John! John! Here I am! Help me! Help me!"

The camp was in confusion in a moment. The men were trying to form, when suddenly another yell was heard on the western side, and Colonel Bratton's men charged upon the camp.

"They're cutting 'em off from their horses," said James excitedly to his brother-in-law, as he watched the struggle. "There, he's down; no, he's up again! There, Houk's got to his horse! He's mounted, and so has Ferguson! No, John's got him! John's got him!" he added, as he saw the British colonel fall.

"The men are trying to get back to their horses! They haven't anything to fight with but swords and pistols, and lots of John's men have muskets. Look at 'em! Just look at 'em, Ed! Oh, Ed, look!"

But Edward needed no urging, for he too was gazing out between the slats, and watching the contest, upon whose issue depended his own life as well as that of the men engaged. For a few minutes the desperate struggle continued. The British were doing their utmost to force their way back to their

horses, while the Americans were struggling just as hard to prevent them. At times, above the screams of the men and the roar of the guns, the voice of young James McClure could be heard; but no one heeded him, and the struggle continued.

Such desperate efforts could not long endure, however, and in a few moments the excited boy shouted, "There, they've broken! They're running for the woods! Good for you, John! Good for you! Hurrah! We've got the horses too! They've left every horse behind 'em!"

"Are you coming out of this, Jamie?"

James had been too excited, watching the fleeing British, to perceive that the door of his prison house had been opened, and that Captain John was standing there. Turning quickly at the summons, he ran into his brother's arms, saying as he clasped him tightly, "Oh, John, you don't know what you've done! They were going to hang me this morning, and here you've come and beaten 'em off, and got their horses, and set me free."

"You want to thank Mary, not me," said Captain John, still holding the eager boy by one hand, and stretching forth the other to greet his brother-in-law. "Come on! It's all over now, and we'll go in and see mother."

And hand in hand they turned to greet their mother, who was standing in the doorway, waiting for them to come near.

XI

THE STORY OF A LOAF OF BREAD

"**THERE**, Maggie, I've explained everything to you, and if you are afraid you need not go."

"I am afraid, Major Tallmadge, but I'm ready to go. I'll do my best for you."

"Very well, then. Remember the words I have given you, and don't fail to hasten back to this inn. I shall be here and wait for you."

Maggie Hickok lifted the basket of eggs, and carrying it upon her arm at once left the tavern and started on her walk to Philadelphia, five miles away. Her step was light and an air of determination was so manifest in her bearing that the major nodded his head in approval as she disappeared up the road, and said to himself as he reentered the house, "She'll do."

And much more than Maggie knew depended upon her success that day. In a general way she knew that Major Tallmadge was in command of a band of cavalrymen who were scouring the region and endeavoring to gain such information as could be had concerning the British forces in Philadelphia.

Major Tallmadge had done his best and had gained much information, which was of value to Washington; but there had been special warnings sent to him of late that the boys he had sent into the city were suspected. These boys had gone apparently with produce to sell, but somehow they always contrived to enter certain houses before all their wares were disposed of, and a few peculiar words never failed to bring a strange response from the purchasers, a response which was borne to the waiting major, and quickly forwarded to Valley Forge.

The rumors which had come that his produce dealers were suspected had troubled him of late, but he was very desirous of gaining some information that day in the winter of 1777, for strange reports of the contemplated doings of the enemy had been scattered, and Major Tallmadge was eager to verify them before he reported to the commander. His fear of sending some boys or men disguised as countrymen with produce had prevailed, however, and at last he had persuaded the mother of Maggie Hickok to consent to her making the attempt. And Maggie was willing to try, for her own father and brother were at Valley Forge, and she could see no good reason for a girl of sixteen to be entirely idle when the men were engaged in such a desperate struggle.

The girl trudged on with her basket on her arm, thinking far more of the peril before her than she

did of the muddy road along which she was walking or of the biting air of that winter day. Occasionally she met men who looked keenly at her, but no one spoke till she was near the city. A band of a half dozen red-coated men were standing near the roadside, and as she approached, her heart almost stood still as she heard one of them say: "Here's another one of the produce dealers. What have you for sale, my wench?" he added, as Maggie came nearer.

"Only eggs," replied Maggie boldly, although her face was almost as white as the snow by the roadside.

"Only eggs, is it? Well, my mess wants eggs, and I'll buy them all."

"Indeed, sir, I cannot sell you all," replied Maggie, "for a portion are promised."

"Doubtless promised to Mistress Jones," laughed the man brutally. "Somehow all the bumpkins sell to her, though I have my doubts as to what she buys."

"I can let you have two dozen," replied Maggie boldly, placing her basket on the ground and beginning to count out the eggs as she spoke. It was better to appear willing to deal with the men, than to increase their suspicions by striving to pass.

"Nay, nay, wench. I want not thy eggs. I spoke in jest, for I was afraid that you, too, might be one of those country people whom the rebel

Tallmadge sends into the city with strange wares for sale. You may pass in safety, and I doubt not that you will readily find purchasers, for fresh eggs are not overplentiful at present."

Maggie again took up her basket and resumed her journey, not daring for several minutes to glance behind her; but when she did look back her fears were not allayed when she saw that they were all watching, and apparently talking of her and her errand. Realizing the need of increased caution, Maggie passed on and soon stopped at several houses, where she easily disposed of a portion of her burden. Declining to part with all, for each purchaser desired to buy the contents of the basket, she pushed on until she entered the street where Mistress Jones lived. No one was in sight, and she ran quickly up the steps and lifted the heavy knocker.

She had hardly given the summons when she saw a red-coated soldier appear on the corner of the street, and stop and gaze curiously at her as she stood before the door. She was in a flutter of excitement when the servant admitted her, and she said:—

"I would see Mistress Jones. I have some eggs for sale, and perhaps she will buy."

"Doubtless she will that," replied the maid, "but it will not be necessary for you to see her. I can pay you," and she started from the hall as if to get her money.

“Nay, nay,” said Maggie quickly, “I would deal with Mistress Jones herself.”

The servant made no response as she turned to seek the mistress, and in a few minutes Mistress Jones herself appeared.

“Was it to me you desired to speak?”

“Yes, I have fresh eggs to sell.”

“You are sure they are fresh?”

“They are that, fresh and prime, too.”

Mistress Jones looked keenly at Maggie as she heard the combination of words which was well understood by her, and she quickly replied, “You have brought your wares to the right market, I see.” She then took the basket from Maggie’s hand, and in a few moments returned with a loaf of bread. She did not inform her that within the loaf there was a note concealed, but Maggie understood. It was all as she had been informed it would be.

“If you lose the bread, or find it necessary to destroy it, you may simply say to your friend, ‘Not yet.’ Do you understand?”

“I do,” replied Maggie quietly, as she again took her basket and prepared to depart. The door was quickly closed behind her, and she lingered a moment on the steps before she went down to the street. She could see no one now, and the curious soldier had disappeared; but Maggie’s fear was none the less when she started up the street, for she knew not who was watching her, and the words of the guard still lingered in her mind.

As she approached the edge of the city she was alarmed when she saw the same six men there whom she had met at her entrance; but striving to quiet her heart, and not reveal the fear under which she labored, she walked steadily on.

"Here's my wench again," laughed one of the soldiers, as she drew near. "And what luck?"

"I sold my eggs."

"Doubtless. And was Mistress Jones a purchaser?"

"I know not Mistress Jones," replied Maggie, endeavoring to pass on.

"'Tis well for you, my wench. And what have you in the basket now. A bread loaf, as I live! 'Tis the very thing I most desire." And the soldier roughly grasped the basket and seized the loaf which it contained.

"The bread I would give my little sister who is ill," said Maggie, with trembling voice. "I pray you take it not from me."

Her evident distress moved the soldiers, and one of them roughly said to the man who had taken her bread, "Let the wench go, Jack. A bread loaf would hardly satisfy us to-day. 'Tis Tallmadge's head I crave. Give her the basket and let the poor girl go."

With a laugh the soldier returned the basket and the bread, little dreaming of their contents, and Maggie sped on, not even turning her head to see if she were pursued. Perhaps if she had looked

back, the sight would not have comforted her, for the six men were again standing together, and the frequent glances they cast at the departing girl showed that they were talking of her.

But all unconscious of what was going on behind her, Maggie kept on her way, and when once she was on the country road, she broke into a run, all unwearied by her long journey. She had information of importance, and the thoughts of her father and brother in Valley Forge, and the little sister at home, gave her renewed strength.

She was almost breathless when at last she entered the inn and delivered the loaf to the impatient major, who was waiting for her according to his promise.

“ ‘Tis well you have done, Maggie, my girl,” said Major Tallmadge, as he broke open the loaf, and quickly found the folded note within. “ This shall not be forgotten —”

The major did not finish the sentence, for just then the landlady entered the room. Her white face betrayed her alarm, and tremblingly she declared that she could see a band of British light-horse coming swiftly up the road.

“ They’ve suspected you, Maggie,” said the major quickly. “ Twill never do to leave you here. Can you mount and ride behind me? ”

“ I can,” replied Maggie quickly, and before the words had been spoken Major Tallmadge ran from the room, and a moment afterwards was

116 STORIES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

before the door with his fleet black horse. "Up behind me! Quick! For your life!"

Maggie grasped his outstretched hand, and in a moment was behind the major with her arms tightly clasped about his waist.

"Now, Jehu, go!" said the major to his horse, and the black steed started with the speed of the wind. Maggie almost lost her grasp when the major turned for a moment, and replied with a taunting yell to the band which he could see swiftly approaching down the hillside; but her arms were strong, and though her face was white and her eyes blurred, she clung to her protector throughout the wild ride which followed.

On swept Jehu with his load, and on came the band of redcoats. The woods by the roadside seemed to rush past them. The breathing of the horse was soon labored and hard, and his black sides were covered with foam; but his swift pace was never relaxed for an instant. Once or twice he stumbled and nearly fell, but a sharp pull on the bridle and a quick word from the major restored him, and the mad race continued. His hoofs thundered over the rude bridges, they struck fire from the stones in the road, but Jehu minded none of these things, for life and death were hanging on his efforts that day.

For an hour the mad race continued, and then, when the borders of Germantown were reached,

and the redcoats turned back in fear, Major Tallmadge drew the rein on his black steed, and as he helped the wearied girl to the ground, he said, with a smile: "'Tis a pity we lost that bread, Maggie, for Washington sadly needs it; but far more he needs what the bread contained, and what he will soon have now. You have saved us from a sad, and what might have been a costly, mistake, this day, my girl."

XII

THE LOST ARMY

"I must confess that I don't just like the looks of our latest recruits."

"No more do I, lieutenant. They'll bear watching, in my opinion."

"We'll put out a double cavalry guard on each road to-night. How far away did you say Cornwallis was?"

"About six miles. These new men seem very anxious about our camping place. One of them told me that up the road about a mile there was a better place than this. Good forage, running water, and I don't know what all are to be found there."

Lieutenant Maning laughed as he replied, "I think this will do very well for us. If Lord Cornwallis should happen to come down one of these roads, we can skip up the other. I've always been rather fond of a fork in the road myself, and I think this spot will do very well. We'll go into camp here."

Stephen Green at once carried out the orders of the lieutenant in command, and the band of

four hundred men soon had arranged their camp for the night at the fork in the roads of which Lieutenant Maning had spoken.

They were a sturdy lot of men, the most of them emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, who had settled in the neighborhood of Fayetteville, North Carolina, or "Cross Creek," as the settlement was known in the days of 1781. Few of them had brought into the new land any sympathy with republican ideas or ideals. Indeed, they were not slow to express very decided prejudices in favor of monarchy, although if once they did declare for the new spirit of liberty, they clung to it with all of a Scotchman's tenacity.

The prevailing sentiment throughout the region, however, had been so overwhelmingly with the colonies in their struggle for independence, that nominally, at least, the Highlanders of Cross Creek had been enrolled among the patriots; but there was a deep undercurrent of discontent. The traditions and heritage of many generations, all in favor of monarchy, were not to be overcome in a day, and the sympathy of the men whom Lieutenant Maning was leading to the army of General Greene, was all but openly with the side against which they had for the time taken up arms.

Lord Cornwallis had been quick to learn of the disaffection of the Highlanders, and through the early months of the year of 1781 had been

intriguing with the men with such success that General Greene's best efforts were taxed to the utmost to prevent the outbreak which threatened to develop at any time now. Lieutenant-colonel Lee had been his most zealous assistant, and to his ceaseless efforts much of Greene's success was due, compelled as he was to face the dual danger of attacks by the British and of revolt among his own troops. Young Lieutenant Maning in turn had been the chief reliance of Colonel Lee, and now, at the suggestion of his superior officer, he was conducting this band of Scottish recruits to the quarters of General Greene.

It was just dusk when the men broke ranks and went into camp at the fork of the roads which the lieutenant had selected as their stopping-place for the night. The men were quiet, but their manner, and the frequent low conversations they had together,—conversations always broken off when Maning approached any of the groups,—had greatly increased the uneasiness of the young leader.

“How goes it, Stephen?” he said to his attendant, when they met about an hour after the men had had their supper.

“I can't get hold of anything very definite,” replied Stephen Green. “They shut up whenever I come near any of 'em. These new men, however, seem to be busy. They're here, and

there, and everywhere in the camp at once; and wherever they go the men seem to gather around them like flies about a molasses barrel. I can't find out what they're talking about, though. But I'm afraid of 'em, I am;" and the old soldier shook his head as if his forebodings of ill were greatly troubling him.

"Oh, I think it's all right," replied the lieutenant lightly. "You can't get over your experiences in the French and Indian wars."

"No more I can't," responded Stephen gloomily. "And what's more, I don't want to, either. I tell you, lieutenant, these new fellows will bear watching."

"All right, Stephen. I'll station double guards of cavalry on each of the roads, if it will ease your mind any."

"I wish you would, lieutenant," replied the old soldier eagerly. "With Cornwallis only six miles away, you can't be too careful. If one of these new men should happen to have a little understanding with him, we might have callers before morning who wouldn't stop to lift the knocker. If you'll say the word, I'll attend to the guards myself."

"Go ahead, Stephen," replied the lieutenant. He watched the orderly as he quickly left him and at once proceeded to carry out his orders. In spite of his light manner of speaking, the young officer was sadly troubled. He knew that

General Greene and Colonel Lee had ample grounds for all their fears, and while as yet there had been among his own men no open revolt, their very silence was in itself an ominous sign.

By the time the orderly returned, most of the men had turned in for the night, and as he listened to the report of the old soldier of the double cavalry guards which had now been stationed in each of the roads, it was with a feeling of relief that he said: "We've done everything now that can be done. You'd better turn in and get some sleep, Stephen. You've had a steady pull of it for the last two nights."

"And you?" inquired the old soldier anxiously.

"Me? Oh, I'll turn in too, pretty soon. Everything's all quiet in the camp, and we've done all that can be done now. We're safe enough for the night."

Stephen Green hesitated, but as the young officer repeated his request, he reluctantly left him and withdrew with his blanket for the night. He was almost worn out by the strain under which he had been for two days and nights, and perhaps a brief rest would the better prepare him for the work which he feared would soon be at hand; for the old veteran of the French and Indian war had no thought of sleeping until morning. He was not to be deceived by the apparent calm in the camp, and as for Lieutenant Maning, he was one of the best and bravest boys

in the southern army; but still, to the old soldier, he was only a boy, and too young to appreciate fully the peril of the night.

As soon as he saw that his companion had left him, Lieutenant Maning once more made the rounds of the camp. The men were apparently asleep, and silence rested over all. The outlines of the forest were almost spectral in the dim light of the summer night. Across the sky he could see that heavy clouds were passing, and the whisperings of the wind indicated the coming of a storm. Somehow he could not shake off the feeling that ill of some kind was approaching. Still, there was nothing in the quiet of the camp to indicate it, and striving to persuade himself that all his fears were groundless, he too soon wrapped himself in his blanket and stretched himself upon the ground.

Sleep, however, would not come. He tried to persuade himself that the sultriness of the air was the cause of his restlessness. There was an increased metallic sound in the noise of the locusts, and he found himself listening and counting the cries and responses of the night birds. The tops of the trees were beginning to bend and sway before the rising wind, which betokened the coming storm.

Unable to throw off his feeling of fear, he arose and again made the rounds of the camp. Still no signs of danger were to be seen. The

men, to all appearances, were sleeping soundly, and when some one stirred, aroused by his presence, it was only to resume his position on the ground and soon be asleep again. Everything about the camp appeared to be safe, but sleep was as far from him as before, when he once more went back to his blanket and tried to forget it all.

Once each hour he made the rounds of the camp, until midnight came. Not a man had stirred from his position, and he began to blame himself for the folly of his fears. Except the guards, apparently he was the only man about the camp who was not sleeping. And he well knew that he needed the rest, for he, as well as Stephen Green, had been under an unbroken strain for two days and nights. No, he would turn in now and gain the needed rest. Tomorrow there would be new dangers to be faced, and, as the leader, he must be prepared to meet them. In his mind already he could see the cordial reception and hear the warm words of praise which General Greene and Colonel Lee would give him, when he should return with his four hundred men to the camp.

Resolutely he started to return to his resting-place, but just then the storm which had been so long threatening broke over the camp. The sky was all ablaze with light, and the roll of the thunder, deep and prolonged, was almost constantly heard.

"Stephen! Stephen!" he called, shaking his sleeping companion by the shoulder. "We must go farther into the woods. We'll be drenched with the rain here."

"I've been asleep," replied the old soldier foolishly, awakened in a moment. "How are the men?"

"They're all right. I've just made the rounds of the camp, and every man was asleep. Probably this storm will wake them up, but they won't try to make off before it's over. The camp's all safe enough now. Come on, or we'll be wet to the skin."

The two men hastily sought the shelter of the forest, and beneath an overhanging knoll found a place into which the rain could not enter. They stood together for a few minutes and watched the storm. The trees were swaying and groaning all about them, and the rain came down in torrents.

"You'd better lie down, lieutenant," said the old soldier, after a time. "I'm going to keep awake the rest of the night, and I'll make the rounds of the camp."

Thus bidden, Lieutenant Maning stretched himself upon his blanket, and in spite of the storm which was raging, was soon asleep. How long he had slept he could not tell, but he was roughly awakened by Stephen Green, who was shaking him violently by the shoulders. "Wake up! Wake up, lieutenant! The men have all gone."

"What!" replied Maning, awake in an instant.
"All gone?"

"Yes, every blessed mother's son of 'em. I crawled around about an hour after you got asleep, and they were all right. The most of 'em were awake, but there weren't any signs of trouble. They were just trying to keep out of the rain. That was about an hour ago, and now I've been around again, and there isn't a soul left in the camp."

"That's what comes of my sleeping," groaned the young officer.

"Here, where are you going?" said Stephen sharply, realizing that his companion was leaving him.

"I'm going to follow them. I'll go straight to Cornwallis's camp if I have to."

"No use now, lieutenant. It's darker'n Egypt. Come back here and wait till it's light, and then we can tell by their tracks which road they've taken. You couldn't see your hand before your face now, and might just as well wait here as anywhere."

Lieutenant Maning groaned, but realizing that the old soldier had spoken truly, slowly came back and resumed his place under the bank. The storm soon ceased, and the dripping of the water from the trees was all that could be heard. Morning could not be far away now, and there was nothing to be done before it came.

A half dozen times or more, the young officer

insisted upon starting forth on the search for the missing men, but each time he was restrained by his elder companion. He fumed and fretted and bewailed his misfortune, and blamed himself for what he called his own want of diligence. What would General Greene think of him now? How could he bear the disappointment which he knew Colonel Lee would feel when he should report to him his failure? And then there was the effect of the desertion upon the undecided men in the colony, who were only waiting to see which side should prevail to declare their own allegiance. He knew General Greene had been more fearful of the example of these men than of any other one thing.

Stephen did his best to cheer up his companion, and at last, just as the gray of the dawn began to appear, they started on their search.

When they came to the fork in the road, a new problem faced them. The rain had washed away all the traces of footsteps, and it was impossible to determine by which road the men had gone.

“All gone. Every one!” groaned the lieutenant. “Who would have thought they could have taken every single man. Those new recruits were no fools, anyway!”

“That they were not,” replied Stephen, “and it was no fault of yours that they succeeded. The men only needed the hint to start out.”

“Well, they got it, that’s all I can say. Come on, we’ll take this road,” called the lieutenant

sharply, as he started swiftly along the upper road.
"We may overtake them yet!"

Stephen made no reply as he started quickly after his companion. Mud was no hindrance to the impetuous young officer, and he kept steadily on his way. Not a word was spoken by either, and they were scanning the road on each side as they sped on. Perhaps the men had gone into camp somewhere near.

Hoping, yet scarcely expecting this, they did not relax their efforts, until they came to a bend in the road, and saw standing, in the doorway of a rude log-house, a rifleman leaning upon his gun, and apparently placed there as a sentinel.

"Hold on, lieutenant!" said the old soldier, in a low, warning voice. "Don't go too fast; you don't know what's ahead."

Lieutenant Maning was deaf to any warning words, however, and reined in his horse before the stranger, who was regarding him curiously, and had not moved from his position since the lieutenant had appeared in the road.

"Have you seen a regiment of horse and a body of infantry pass this way, my good man? They could not have gone more than two or three hours ago!"

The rifleman was interested now, and there came a glitter in his eyes as he replied, "Oh ho, you are one of Greene's men, I suppose." Placing his fingers in his mouth he gave a shrill whistle,



OH HO, YOU ARE ONE OF GREENE'S MEN, I SUPPOSE.

Page 129.

and almost before the lieutenant could realize what had occurred, a dozen armed men rushed from the house, and he was surrounded. One glance was sufficient to indicate the side to which they belonged. In the hat of each man a red rag had been sewed, and Maning knew that he was face to face with a band of Tories, or of Cornwallis's men.

Without hesitating a moment the young officer leaned forward, and, pointing to the portmanteau which Stephen Green was carrying, in low tones said to the rifleman, "Hush, my good fellow. Don't make a clamor, for God's sake. I have there what will ruin Greene. Tell me the road to Lord Cornwallis's army, for everything depends upon his receiving the contents at once."

"You're an honest fellow," called out one of the men, "and have left the rebels just in time, for the whole settlement is in arms to join Colonel Pyle to-morrow down by Steve's run. Colonel Tarleton is to meet them there, and to take every one of us into his camp."

"Come on," said the rifleman, to whom the lieutenant had first spoken. "Take a drink. Here's confusion to Greene, and success to the king and his friends! This is the right road, and you'll soon reach the army; or, hold on, let me lead you to it myself."

"Not for the world, my dear fellow," replied Maning, obtaining a glimpse for a moment of

Stephen Green's anxious face. "Your direction is plain, and I can easily follow it. I will never consent that a faithful subject of his Majesty should be subjected to the dangers of captivity or death on my account. If we should fall in with a party of rebels now, we should both lose our lives; I should be hanged for desertion, and you for aiding me to reach the British army."

The band hesitated a moment, and looked at one another as if they were uncertain what ought to be done. Lieutenant Maning's heart was beating loud and fast, but outwardly he was calm, and apparently indifferent to all about him. He was rejoiced when he saw that his last speech had produced the effect he desired, and after remaining only long enough for the libation to be poured out, he and his companion rode away, followed by the cheers of the men.

Once out of their sight, Maning and Green, urging their horses on at their utmost speed, soon crossed to the other road, and rode swiftly away towards the camp of Colonel Lee. There was no time or opportunity for conversation now; they were both too intent upon escaping. Other bands of men with the red rag sewed in their hats might be met, or those whom they had left behind might think better of their decision and start in pursuit. On and on sped the men, their horses soon covered with foam under the burning heat of the day, and the riders breathing almost as hard

in their excitement as the laboring beasts beneath them. Without a stop for rest, they held to their way until at last they had gained Lee's camp and the young lieutenant had related his story to the commander.

"I had planned," said Colonel Lee, when Maning ceased, "to fall upon Tarleton, who has crossed the Haw River to support the Tories there. But this revolt must be checked now, and to-morrow morning we will move against the rendezvous of the Highlanders."

A messenger was quickly despatched to General Greene with the information of the change in the plans, and the next morning the forces of Lieutenant-Colonel Lee started for the meeting-place where Pyle was to await the coming of Tarleton.

The garb of Lee's men was very like that of Tarleton's, and compelling two prisoners to go with them and assist in deepening the impression among the simple-hearted country folk that it was Tarleton himself who was in command of the band, the men advanced until they were near the place for which they started. There two messengers from Pyle were met who did not detect the deception and returned with Lee's request that the Tory colonel "would draw up his troops on the side of the road so as to leave room for his wearied troops to pass by to their right position."

"God save the King," shouted the lost regiment, as the van of the advancing troops was seen.

Colonel Lee rode along the Tory column and was about to grasp the hand of Pyle, which action had been agreed upon as the signal for the demand for their surrender, when the trick was detected and in a moment the engagement was begun.

Many of the lost regiment fell that day, and many more escaped, while Colonel Pyle is said to have saved his life by seeking the shelter of a little pond deeply fringed with trees, and remaining under the water for a long time with only his nose above the surface.

The scattered Highlanders accomplished more by the reports they carried home, for Lee forbade all pursuit, than they could ever have done on the battle-field, and General Greene's troubles with the insurgents were ended.

As for Lieutenant Maning, he soon substituted the word "captain" for "lieutenant," and, later, often declared that the lost regiment had won for him more glory than any other he had ever led.

XIII

THE WIFE OF GENERAL KNOX

LUCY (Lucia) FLUCKER KNOX, the wife of Henry Knox, the famous officer of the revolution, is one of those characters who have greatly influenced and moulded the social life of America, but whose names are almost forgotten with the passing of the years. General Knox was with Washington in nearly all his battles, and Mrs. Knox was with her husband; but it was not until he became secretary of war in Washington's first cabinet, and as a consequence his wife became the "second lady in the land," that she found full play for those feelings and ambitions which all her life had controlled her.

It is said that her stronger personality dominated even that of Martha Washington in many ways, and that the wife of the first president was accustomed to seek the advice of the wife of the secretary of war in many matters of ceremony.

HER EARLY ROMANCE

She was a tall and large woman, with dignified and somewhat lofty manners, of a very decided personality, not at all the person whom one would

connect with romantic feelings or deeds. And yet she had her romance. What woman has not? Young Henry Knox, a bookseller in Boston, was elected major of the military company to which he belonged (this was before the breaking out of the Revolution), and, like all such bodies, they must have their parade. The young officer, with his noble form and martial appearance, and, above all, with his brass buttons, was seen by Lucy Flucker. And brass buttons have ever been almost as effective among ladies as lions and mice have been.

She soon found an occasion to visit his book-store, and as she was greatly interested in literary matters, it was only natural that the admiration for the young officer should deepen into an interest in the man of books. This interest increased with her frequent visits, and soon Henry Knox and Lucy Flucker were prepared to journey through life together. But, if the young people were agreed, the older ones were not. Thomas Flucker, the proud, aristocratic secretary of Massachusetts under Gage, declared he was not going to have his daughter "throw herself away," and "marry beneath her."

Indeed, the irate Tory is said to have used several other similar expressions which have been in common use under such circumstances from Adam's day until the present. For all that I know Saxe may have had these very people in mind when he wrote those familiar words of his:—

"But who ever heard
Of a marriage deterred,
Or even deferred,
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging his bird?"

And Henry Knox and Lucy Flucker, if they could not marry with her parents' consent, simply chose the other horn of the dilemma and were married without it. The battle of Lexington, which soon followed, caused Secretary Flucker to recall some pressing engagements he had in England, and soon, with all his family, except the ostracized daughter, he sailed away to leave the colonies and his daughter to their fate. It is something of a commentary upon the foresight of her family to remark that when only a few years had passed, she was virtually the social leader of a nation, while they were homeless and forlorn.

IN THE CAMPS

She was what would now be called an "independent woman," and when she decided to cast in her lot with her husband, she did so with all her heart. He had a share in the struggle of Bunker Hill, and she was not idle. When the British occupied Boston, she escaped to Cambridge with her husband, and it is said that she sewed the sword which he carried through the war within the lining of the cloak she wore when she left the city.

From that time throughout the war, whenever it

was possible, she was with her husband in the camps. Her strong and cheerful endurance made many of the soldiers forget to murmur at their privations. If a woman could endure without complaining, why could not they? General Knox believed in his wife with all his heart, and was accustomed to confide in and consult with her in all his affairs, so that when Washington consulted Knox he was also obliged to consult his better half, and it is recorded more than once that the great commander acknowledged her remarkable abilities and clear judgment.

IN SOCIAL LIFE

Even in the camps she was the inspiration and prime mover in such social festivities as could be had. Perhaps if she had lived in our day she would have been a promoter of "functions." There are many references in the early records to the parts she took in such social life as the camps afforded, and there is quite an extended account of one in particular which occurred at Pluckemin, New Jersey, in February, 1779, on the anniversary of the alliance with France. About three o'clock in the afternoon General Washington and his wife arrived in an imposing carriage, at four o'clock there was a discharge of thirteen round of cannon. Then the company repaired to the Academy, where dinner was served, and where there were toasts and great joy, and some other things.

Then in the evening came the great ball. There were about sixty ladies present, of whom a writer in the Pennsylvania *Packet* of March 6th, 1779, says, "Their charms were of that kind which give a proper determination to the spirits, and permanency to the affections." I am not quite sure that I know what he meant, but I quote the words as they were written. Madam Knox, as she was called, gave what the historians called many choice *soirées*, and more than once the great Washington opened the ball. It is said he never danced, but walked the figures. When her husband became secretary of war, and as Jefferson had no wife to assist him, she was next to Mrs. Washington in position, and entered into the social life with all her heart.

She planned, presided, suggested, and the impress of her strong personality remains in many of the social forms until this day. Alas! that I must record it, but candor compels me to say that she was considered a great "match maker," and many were the young men and maidens she contrived to bring together. History does not record their verdict, however, but let us trust that they rose up to call her blessed. It is also said that she very frankly preferred the society of men to that of women, and was never happier than when she was surrounded by three or four prominent persons, eagerly discussing political and national affairs.

LATER LIFE

When General Knox retired from public life, it was to the estates of his wife, who had inherited a share of the Waldo patent in Maine, General Waldo having been her mother's father. The government confirmed the grant of the property to her and to the general after peace was declared. They built a beautiful house at Thomaston, and we may be sure that General Knox was supremely happy. Far from the worry and cares of public life, he found some time to devote to his literary labors, tasks in which his soul delighted.

But Mrs. Knox was not happy unless there was a crowd about her, and, as her husband was a capital host and had many friends, the great mansion was frequently filled with guests. How many of these there were may be known from the fact one writer records that it was not unusual in the summer time for the general to have an ox and twenty sheep killed every Monday morning, and to have a hundred beds made up daily in the house. He kept for his own use and that of his friends twenty saddle horses and several pairs of carriage horses in his stables. He was the proposer of the society of the Cincinnati, but who knows whether the wife was not the inspirer of it, after all? In 1806 General Knox died, and his widow for eighteen years continued to reside in the mansion they had built, entertaining lavishly almost to the last. Why

was it that so many of the women of the Revolution outlived their husbands?

REGRETS

Lucy Knox, with all her rare powers of conversation, her force and independence, when she became an old woman had one regret which she often sadly expressed. It was not that she had made many enemies. People of public life and strong personalities are sure to do that. It was in another line entirely.

Ten children had been born to her and her husband, but only three had lived beyond infancy. Perhaps the motherly feeling became more intense with advancing years, and the great regret was that she had allowed her interest in public life and public men to absorb so much of her time and life. If she had had her life to live over again, she many times declared, she "would try to be more of a wife, more of a mother, more of a woman."

The world needs women who can share in certain forms of public life, but the backward glance of one who was a foremost social leader, the respected companion and friend of many of the most brilliant men of her times, is a cause for thought. Must she have been less of a mother, less of a wife, less of a woman, in becoming the society leader that she was? Has the problem of Lucy Flucker Knox yet been solved?

XIV

BATTLE OF TRENTON

THIS was one among the many songs and odes which were written to commemorate the success of Washington in the now famous battle of Trenton. The name of the author is not known.

On Christmas day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fix'd,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see ! the boats below !
The light obscured by hail and snow !
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene, on the left, at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan,
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets storm'd, the alarm was spread
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper'd here, some scamper'd there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

XV

THE DEED OF A JERSEY LASS

THE long winter of 1776-1777 was gone at last. Beneath the influence of the April sun the grass was becoming green in spots, and dust could be seen, here and there, on the rough country road. The birds were flitting about in the trees and bushes, and their songs seemed to voice their rejoicings over the return of the warmer days. But Hannah Clarke, as she walked rapidly along the road that April morning, on her way to her home in the township of Woodbridge, New Jersey, had but a little share in the general rejoicing. Even as she walked, she frequently glanced nervously behind her, as if she expected to see some sight which would alarm her.

Nor were her apparent fears groundless. That very morning she had watched, from the window of her bare little room in the loft of her father's house, a band of Hessians as they had passed on their way from New Brunswick to Perth Amboy, the two stations then held by the British in that portion of New Jersey. Hannah had marked the heavy jack-boots with their long

spurs, the stout and stiff leather breeches, the gauntlets reaching far up on the arms, and the hats with their huge tufts of ornamental feathers, all of which made up the uniforms of the Hessian soldiers, or "Dutch butchers," as the people of the colony then termed them. Each soldier had a great broadsword trailing by his side and a short, clumsy carbine slung over his shoulder, while down his back dangled a long queue. The dark heavy mustache which each Hessian wore, and which, it was commonly reported, he dyed with shoe blacking every morning, increased the strange appearance of the foreign soldiers, and Hannah's heart was beating rapidly as she watched the strange procession pass her home.

The house, however, had not been molested, chiefly, perhaps, because everything of value had already been seized, and there was nothing to be gained by a delay and a search now, especially as the place was guarded only by Hannah and her mother. For weeks her four brothers and her father had been with the Continental forces at Elizabethtown, along with General Maxwell, who was in command there.

Some one of them contrived somehow to return almost every day to look after the needs of the lonely mother and daughter, and then hasten back to the camp; but neither Hannah nor her mother had complained, for their condition was very like that of all their neighbors. For that matter,

Hannah, as she walked on, could not think of a man who was at home near her then, except Dr. Azel Roe, the sturdy pastor of the Presbyterian Church, who fearlessly preached from his pulpit the duty of patriotism. She wondered that he had not been threatened more, and, indeed, it was only a brief time after this that one night a party of British soldiers stealthily came over from Staten Island, and, seizing the fearless preacher, bore him back with them as their prisoner. Theirs was not the first case on record, however, of attempting to check the progress of truth by shutting its proclaimers up in prison. But all that belongs to another story.

Not long after the Hessians had passed her home, Hannah's mother had turned to her and said: "I fear me that Goody Bonham may have suffered from the evil deeds of these men. She has been ailing for a month now."

"Surely they would not harm a sick woman," replied Hannah.

Mrs. Clarke shook her head as she replied: "No one can tell. Supplies for both armies have been very low of late, and they may have taken all her provisions. I have only a little corn meal in the house, but I would share the last crumb of it with a suffering neighbor in times like these. You had better take a bowl of it, Hannah, and go up to her house. It's not more than a mile, and you will not have to be gone long. If you hear or see anything

to alarm you in the road, you can come around by the path through the woods. You know the way, and the ground is all dry now."

Hannah had gone obediently. She had not been molested on her way to the house of Goody Bonham, and having done her errand was now on her way home again. She was a sturdy lass of eighteen, not given over to unnatural fears; but as she walked on, in spite of her efforts to be calm, her alarm increased. It was not the recollection of the Hessian band which had passed that morning, nor the fear of other soldiers appearing now, which troubled her most. Between the place where she then was and her home there was an unoccupied house of which strange tales had been told during the past few months. The family which had occupied it had abandoned it more than a year before this time. Some declared that they were Tories, and had sought the shelter of Staten Island; but others said that the place was still occupied by night, and that strange lights had been seen there and strange sounds heard by the passers-by.

Hannah tried to assure herself that all these reports were but the idle tales of busybodies, but as she came nearer her feeling of fear increased. Try as she would, she could not shake it off, and when at last the outlines of the rude little house appeared, her heart was beating rapidly and her breath came hard and fast.

She stopped for a moment and looked carefully at the place. It stood near the roadside, and behind it stretched away the primeval forest. The haze of the afternoon rested over all, and the silence was unbroken. Assuring herself that her fears were groundless, she was about to start on again, when she suddenly checked herself and listened more intently.

No, there could be no mistake about it now. Some one was in the house. At first she thought it was a cry for help which she heard, and her cheeks became pale and her breathing quicker. She paused and listened breathlessly. The sound was repeated, but this time she was convinced that it was not a cry, but a song. Some one was singing one of the current British war-songs, but the words now rose clear and strong, and then again dropped so low that she could not distinguish them.

The first impulse of the frightened girl was to dart into the woods on the other side of the road and strive to gain the path of which her mother had told her. But the entrance to it was far back now, and whether she would be able to find it by making her way through the woods she could not determine. Behind the shelter of the trees she again stopped and listened. Once more the song could be heard, now loud and strong, then again soft and low, and soon it died away altogether. She waited for a half hour, but the sounds were not repeated.

So far as she could determine there had been but one voice heard. The whole thing seemed strange and unreal, and there were times when the frightened girl was almost tempted to believe that her ears had deceived her. As she remained in her hiding-place, the thought of her brothers and father in General Maxwell's little army kept returning. They were doing their utmost for her. Was there nothing she could do for them? At times she had thought of starting quickly up the road, and felt almost certain that she would be able to escape from any one who might pursue her from the house—for there were no horses near, and Hannah's ability as a runner was not slight. But it might be that there was something going on within the house which her brothers ought to know. Some plot was perhaps being formed there, some scheme of which the Continentals ought to be informed. Could she discover it?

As the moments passed and the silence was still unbroken, Hannah's courage revived somewhat. She decided that she would make her way for a little distance through the woods, and then, farther up, would cross the road and, returning through the forest on the other side, approach the house and try to discover what was going on within. From tree to tree she moved cautiously and silently, taking pains to avoid stepping upon the dead branches which lay thick upon the ground.

At last she could see the house. She stopped and listened, but no sounds could be heard to indicate that any one was within. Had she been mistaken?

She was now within a few yards of the house, and as yet she felt confident her approach had not been discovered. The trees grew close up to the building, and the sash had been torn away from the window, so that she knew she could gain a sight of all that was within if she could approach a little nearer.

Again she approached, and after vainly striving to check the rapid beatings of her heart, she slowly and carefully peered out from behind the tree and looked through the window, which now was within a few feet of her. She almost uttered a cry when she saw stretched upon the floor the body of a Hessian soldier. At first she thought he must be dead, but soon she saw that he was breathing regularly, and could even hear the sounds the sleeper made. Plucking up her courage she approached closer to the window. The soldier was alone, and as Hannah gazed at him a feeling of disgust crept over her face. He was sleeping, but the cause at once became apparent when she saw the empty bottles by his side. Her alarm was gone now in a measure, and as she hastily withdrew and started once more up the road toward her home she was even inclined to laugh at herself for her fears.

What would her brothers think of her being so frightened by a drunken, helpless Hessian? How they would laugh at her when they heard the story. Hannah was almost inclined to laugh herself. Suddenly she stopped a moment and appeared to be thinking of something which perplexed her.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" she exclaimed, as she once more started swiftly forward.

In a few minutes she entered her house, and in reply to her mother's question, said: "Yes, I gave the meal to Goody Bonham. I don't think she had had anything else to eat to-day."

"Did the Hessians stop there?"

"Yes, they stopped; but that was all they did. They couldn't find anything about the place, so they started on. Goody Bonham says the patrol guard from Elizabethtown is out, so I don't believe the Dutch butchers wanted to linger long."

"So long as she escaped personal injury at their hands, she will not complain, I know."

"No, she'll not complain. Mother, I'm going back up the road a little way. I left something there and I must get it."

"Be careful, Hannah. I don't like to have you away from home."

"I'll not be gone long," said Hannah as she went out of the room, glad that her mother had not opposed her project. She went up quickly to her youngest brother's room and began to

search among his clothing, which was hanging from the pegs in the wall. Apparently satisfied by her search, she soon took down one of his rough blouses, or jackets, and donned it herself. A hat of his was also made use of, and then, taking a musket, which was hanging on the wall, she noiselessly crept out of the house by the back way and went up the road.

Hers was a strange garb for a girl to wear,—a man's hat, a man's blouse, and to be carrying a gun also! Hannah, however, gave slight heed to these things, although once or twice she was tempted to leave the road and seek the shelter of the woods when she thought some one was coming. But no one came, and in a brief time she could see the house in which she left the sleeping Hessian. Before she did anything more she must find out whether the man was still there and alone; so approaching by the same way in which she had before, she soon stood by the tree near the window and peered into the room.

The man still lay upon the floor alone and sleeping heavily. The time for action had come, and Hannah Clarke acted.

Resting her gun upon the sill and aiming it at the prostrate man, she summoned all her courage and shouted, "Surrender!"

The sleeping man opened his eyes and gazed stupidly at her.

"Surrender," called Hannah again.

The Hessian could not understand her words, but the gun spoke a language which required no interpreter. The startled man sat upright, still gazing stupidly at the girl before him.

"Hand me that gun and sword of yours," called Hannah, pointing as she spoke at his weapons.

The Hessian slowly arose and obeyed, for he could understand the gesture.

"Now march out of the door!" commanded Hannah, again making use of a gesture which could not be misunderstood.

The soldier slowly obeyed, and as he passed out of the door Hannah quickly took her position behind him. The Hessian gazed stupidly at her, as if he could not comprehend just what kind of a being it was which had captured him; but the muzzle of the gun was too near for him to enter into a dispute, and once more he obeyed her gesture and started along the road, Hannah marching a few feet behind him and holding her gun in readiness for instant use.

It was a strange procession, the like of which, probably, has never been seen in Jersey before nor since. What she should do with her prisoner, now that she had captured him, Hannah did not know. She had resolved to take him to her house, however, and there her mother could aid her. The Hessian apparently did not fully realize even yet his true position, but the gun was a sufficient reminder.

About half the distance to her home had been covered when Hannah heard a sound which caused all her fears to return. From behind she could hear the sound of drums. She knew that soldiers must be approaching, but whether they were friends or foes she could not tell. If they were Hessians, what a plight would be hers! But what could she do? To escape with her prisoner was impossible, and if she should attempt it without him he might quickly reverse their positions. The prisoner now had heard the sounds, and they seemed to rouse him also.

Hannah did not even dare to withdraw her glance from the prisoner before her. And yet now she could hear the sound of horses' hoofs behind her. She knew the end was fast coming, and her strength was giving way under the excitement. The horsemen were close behind now, and just as she felt that she must look back, come what might to the prisoner, she heard her father's voice.

"Why, lass, what is the meaning of this?"

In a moment Hannah's brother was at her side, and the story was soon told. The patrol guard from Elizabethtown, in which were her father and one of her brothers, had overtaken her, and now the prisoner was quickly transferred to them and soon carried back by Maxwell's men.

Whether the Hessian ever came to realize the

disgrace and misfortune into which his drunkenness had brought him, when he had been compelled to fall out of the lines of his comrades marching to Perth Amboy, I cannot say; but as for Hannah Clarke, her praises were sung for many a day, and are worthy of remembrance even in our own times, when the demand for true-hearted men and women, while different from that of our fathers, is still no less real.

XVI

TUNIS FORMAN'S REWARD

"Now, Tunis, I want you to have an especial care to-day. The blackbirds won't leave us as much corn as we planted, if we're not careful."

"Yes, sir, I understand," replied the lad respectfully.

There was, however, but little enthusiasm apparent in Tunis Forman's manner. He was seated with the family at breakfast that May morning, in 1780, but his thoughts were not of the meal before him, nor yet of his father's words.

For two weeks now Tunis had been the guardian of the cornfield, and his daily task had been to frighten away the thievish blackbirds and cunning crows which were ever ready to swoop down upon the freshly planted field and appropriate to their own uses the seed corn which had been saved with the utmost difficulty out of the scanty store of the family.

His task was a necessary one. Tunis fully appreciated that, for no one realized more fully than he the dearth of provisions among the Whigs of Monmouth County, New Jersey. Ever since

the battle of Monmouth Court-House, nearly two years before this time, the region had been overrun by pine robbers, Tories, and refugees, while the lighter vessels of the British had entered the little streams near by, making their way up from the ocean, and their crews had plundered the adjacent farms and homes.

Tunis was familiar with all the stories of their deeds, for his father was the sheriff of Monmouth County, and all the deeds of the marauders were quickly reported in his home. And far worse deeds than robbery had occurred, for some of his nearest neighbors had been killed by lawless men who owned no allegiance to either side in the struggle, but placed their own desires and designs above country or party.

And all the efforts of Sheriff Forman and the militia had not availed to check these men. Every house in the region was doubly barred at night, and no one retired without the fear that before the morning came the building might be in flames, or its inmates be summoned to deliver up to masked men, who claimed to be soldiers in the army of the enemy, what few possessions yet remained. Redcoat and buffcoat were much alike to them.

All these things and many more Tunis had thought over in his lonely vigil by the cornfield, and the rebellion in his heart against his task had steadily increased. Why should he be left with a

musket loaded with birdshot to shoot blackbirds, when most of the boys of his own age in that region had shouldered their guns and gone forth to find a target of a far different character in the army? But in spite of the fact that he was now seventeen years of age, he had not been able to obtain his father's consent to enlist, and without that Tunis would not go.

But his thoughts had been continually of pine robbers and refugees. Sometimes when he had been guarding the cornfield he had been thinking so much more of what he would do if a redcoat or a pine robber should appear in the adjoining woods, that he would almost forget his present task; but he would be recalled by a sudden flight of blackbirds, or the abrupt rising of crows from the middle of the field as they mockingly "cawed" at him in their escape from all danger.

At such times Tunis would strive to arouse himself to attend to his present duties, but it would not be long before his thoughts would return to the war and the part which some of his own acquaintances were taking in it, and he was compelled to remain at home and shoot crows! Fine work that was for a well-grown boy of seventeen! Even the women were permitted to do more than that, and Tunis thought of what "Captain" Molly Pitcher had done. Even Lucretia Emmons had gained a name by her bravery when Captain Huddy had been attacked, and she was not much older than he.

Tunis Forman had thought of these things so long and so much that even at the breakfast table in his own house on that morning, in May, 1780, he could not entirely forget them and had only partially understood what his father had been saying.

"Yes," he replied in answer to a question of his father's, "I've got a good big charge of bird shot in the musket, enough to drop some out of any flock of blackbirds that dares to come near the patch to-day," and as he spoke he glanced at the musket he had loaded before breakfast and which now stood leaning against the wall in the kitchen where they were eating.

"That's good," said his father. "No one knows how much may depend upon securing a fair crop this summer. The times are likely to be worse before they are better."

Sheriff Forman spoke anxiously, and touched by the sound of his voice Tunis glanced quickly up at his father. How worn he was, and how he had changed within the past year. In a moment Tunis's heart smote him and he said: "I'll do my best. Don't worry about me. I'll look after the field to-day."

"Do your best, my son. I shall have to be gone all day—"

Suddenly Mr. Forman was interrupted by the sight of a soldier rushing past the kitchen window. In a moment the man had entered the room, but he was so nearly breathless he could hardly speak.

It was evident he had been running hard, and his face, almost purple and down which streams of perspiration were coursing, as well as his panting breath, at once betrayed his exertions and excitement.

The family had quickly risen together from the table, and as they hastily welcomed the newcomer they at once recognized him as a neighbor who had been enrolled in the patriot army and stationed not far away.

"What is it? What is it?" said Mr. Forman quickly.

"I'll tell you," gasped the man, struggling to recover his breath. "David Holmes and I were on our way to the Court-House with two refugee prisoners. They'd been seized down by Colt's Neck, and we were to take 'em to the jail."

The soldier paused a moment, and only the sound of his labored breathing could be heard. His hearers were almost as excited as he now, and in a moment he resumed his story.

"We got along all right till we were up here by the 'corners,' but then when we weren't looking for it, and were a bit off our guard, they suddenly made a jump for us. They knocked David down and tore away his musket. They hit me, too, though I managed somehow to hang on to my gun, but when I got up they were making about the swiftest paces I ever saw, straight across your cornfield."

"Then they both got away, did they?" said Mr. Forman quickly.

"Yes, both of 'em," panted the man.

"Where's David?"

"He's coming."

"Well, I shall take my horse and start at once for the Court-House. We'll have the guard out in no time. Do you know who the men were?"

"Refugees; and it's reputed they were on their way to join Davenport's gang."

"All the greater need of taking them again. Follow me as fast as you can come, and we'll have the guard out in no time. We've just got to take those men again."

Mr. Forman then hastily led his horse out of the barn, and as soon as the saddle could be adjusted, mounted and went speeding away up the road, while the two soldiers prepared to follow rapidly on foot. All three had disappeared in what seemed only a moment to the excited Tunis. The lad had listened breathlessly to the men, but now that they were gone, his own excitement increased rather than subsided.

"Sam! Sam!" he called to his younger brother, "go upstairs, and get me that bayonet in my room. Don't wait a minute. Get it. Get it right away!"

"Sam," in later years, was widely known as "The Reverend Doctor Samuel Forman," but at this time he was only Tunis Forman's younger

brother, and with all of a younger brother's confidence in an elder brother's words, he instantly obeyed.

Tunis, however, was too highly excited to wait for his own orders to be carried out. He rushed into the kitchen and seized the musket, which as we know was loaded with birdshot and was leaning against the wall, and, hastily grasping a cartridge box in his other hand, without waiting for Sam to return with the bayonet for which he had sent him, started swiftly across the cornfield in pursuit.

He was dimly conscious that the soldiers had reported that the men had fled in that direction, and in that direction he would follow. There was no plan of pursuit in his mind, no thought of what would occur if he should overtake the escaping prisoners, only the wild impulse to pursue them.

Hatless, coatless, almost breathless, the excited lad ran on. He did not even know where he should go. Somewhere before him those two men must be, and the one thought in his mind was that he must find them somehow, somewhere.

So on and on ran the eager boy. The day promised to be unusually warm, and soon streams of perspiration were running down his face, and his breathing became fast and labored. Through the open fields, on into the woods beyond, out into the road, then again into the thick woods he pushed his way, still grasping his musket in one hand and his cartridge box in the other. Once he

stumbled and fell, but ignoring his own danger from a discharge of his gun, he quickly arose and ran forward with unabated eagerness. He took no thought of time, and only slightly realized the distance he must have gone. Somewhere before him those two refugees must be and he must find them. That was the one overpowering thought in the mind of the eager boy.

At last he felt that he must rest, if only for a moment. His breathing seemed to do him no good, and he could go no farther. Before him lay a break in the woods and across the open space there extended a low, crooked rail fence. There he would rest a moment.

He looked up and his heart almost stood still when he saw directly before him two men seated upon the fence. One glance convinced him that they were the men he was seeking. Their coarse and brutal faces plainly showed the effects of recent exertions, and if there had been any further doubt in Tunis's mind, it would have been dispelled as soon as the men caught sight of him. With an exclamation of anger they leaped from the fence, and without once glancing behind them ran swiftly toward a swamp which was near, and plunging boldly in soon disappeared among the bushes that grew all about the marshy ground.

Tunis did not hesitate a moment. The sight of the men had brought back all of his former excitement, and even his fatigue was forgotten for the

time. 'He had got his second wind,' as he afterward explained it.

Hastily kicking the shoes from off his feet, he recklessly plunged in after the fleeing men. Doubtless if they had known that only a boy, and that he alone, was then in pursuit, the refugees would have acted differently; but there was no time for thoughts, and the exciting chase was still kept up.

At times Tunis sank in the soft mud almost to his knees. He was thrown forward upon his face, but not once did he relax his grasp upon the musket and the cartridge box. His face was bespattered with filth, his clothing torn, his hands and arms badly scratched by the bushes; but none of these things held him back. The mosquitoes settled over his head in swarms, and with all his efforts he could not beat them off. He thought, as he struggled forward, of the story old Indian Tom had told him of the origin of the little pests. Far back in the years, so the Indian said, the Great Spirit had permitted two huge bodies to appear on the earth in shape exactly resembling that of the mosquito, but in size they were larger than any mountain. The destruction and havoc they wrought were almost beyond belief. The poor Indians could do nothing against the terrible destroyers, for such in fact they were, and the body of a good-sized man only served as a single "bite." The people prayed and sacrificed, but all in vain, the

destroyers continued their work. At last, rendered desperate by their sufferings and losses, a great multitude of warriors assembled and fell upon the mammoth pests while they were asleep, and after a terrible struggle succeeded in killing them. But not even then did entire rest come, for as the great bodies decayed, little particles became loose, and instead of falling to the ground they rose into the air, and feeling the gentle motions of the wind were endowed with life and became the little pests which are known until this day.

Tunis had heard the story many times, for Indian Tom was always delighted to tell it, and now in his torment it flashed into his mind.

"This must be the very spot where the monsters died," thought Tunis as he vainly tried to brush his little tormentors away, but not for an instant did he relax his efforts.

On and on he rushed, never thinking of his danger, eager only to obtain a glimpse of the men who had fled.

For a mile he kept up the pursuit, although he never once saw the refugees, and at last came to the borders of the swamp. He clambered up on the high dry ground and then paused to look about him. High trees were standing near him, and just beyond lay a road which he recognized as one which led to Monmouth Court-House.

But what had become of the men? He stopped and peered eagerly all about him, but not a glimpse

of them could he obtain. He listened, but no sound could be heard except the songs of the birds in the tree-tops. For the first time Tunis realized something of the perilous nature of what he had been attempting to do, and a great wave of fear swept over him. If the two men should fall upon him there, what would become of him? No one would ever learn of it and his body would be left there until some one by chance might discover it.

Tunis could not repress the shudder which crept over him at the thought, but he was speedily recalled by the discharge of a gun and the sound of a whistling bullet passing uncomfortably near his head.

The startled lad glanced up and saw a little puff of smoke appearing from among the branches of one of the trees. Hastily recalling what the soldier had said, he knew that the two men had only one gun, and he boldly approached. Yes, he could see them now. One of the men was in one of the trees and his companion was in another near by.

Tunis felt for his bayonet and for the first time realized that he had not waited for Sam to bring it to him. His only means of defence was a musket loaded with birdshot.

His eagerness, however, had largely returned now, and not hesitating a moment he advanced toward one of the trees, and bringing his gun to bear upon the man in its branches, shouted, —

“ Throw down that gun of yours ! ”



THE MAN SLID DOWN THE TRUNK OF THE TREE.

A laugh was the only response.

"I'll give you till I count three," called Tunis, taking careful aim at the man. "One! Two! Th—"

The musket came crashing through the branches and fell upon the ground at his feet. Hastily picking it up, Tunis loaded it from his cartridge box, and then proceeded to withdraw the charge of birdshot from his own musket and load that also, all the time keeping a careful watch upon the movements of the men above him. His courage was somewhat strengthened, now that he had two loaded muskets in his possession, and he at once turned to the men again.

"I want you to come down out of those trees!"

Tunis waited a moment, but as neither made any reply, he said, "You can take your choice, either to come down peaceably or I'll make a target of you both. I want you," he added, pointing to the man on his left, "to come down first. Come on, now, or you'll have to take your chances!"

The man slid down the trunk of the tree and sullenly took his stand as Tunis directed.

"Now, then," he added, calling to the other and keeping at the same time a careful watch upon the man on the ground, "you come too!"

The second man slid down from his hiding-place and started to approach his companion.

"Hold on there," shouted Tunis, "don't go near him! I want you to keep ten paces behind

him. That's right! Now, then! About face! Forward march! If you look behind you or try to get together you know what you will hear!"

The little procession of three marched out from among the trees and soon entered the road. Tunis was the "rear guard," and with his two muskets felt reasonably safe, though he was well aware of the desperate character of the men before him.

Monmouth Court-House was at least three miles away, but for Monmouth Court-House they must start.

Steadily the men marched on. The May sun was high in the heavens now and the day was intensely warm. The mosquitoes alighted upon Tunis's face, but he did not even try to drive them away. He was holding a musket in each arm, and did not dare to turn his eyes away from the men in front of him. He must not heed such little things as mosquitoes.

The excitement kept up his strength, and he did not halt for even a moment. His throat was parched and dry, and his arms were soon aching under their load, but every step was a step nearer the Court-House and the end of the journey.

"I say, youngster," called out one of the men as they passed a spring by the roadside, "let's stop for a drink of water, will you? My tongue's like a piece of leather."

"No. You can stand it if I can. March on there!"

Much as Tunis himself desired to drink, he did not dare to stop or permit the men to change their positions.

There was no halting now. Through the burning heat the three moved on, and Tunis noticed with great satisfaction that neither of his prisoners dared to disobey him. Half the distance to the Court-House had been covered and they were approaching a place where the road forked, when he became aware that a band of horsemen were moving up the other road. One glance revealed to him that the leader was his father, and the boy shouted and called, but the horse's hoofs sounded louder than his voice, and his cries and calls were not heard. His father and his men soon disappeared.

Tunis had not relaxed his vigilance for an instant, however, and it was not long before the little straggling village appeared. On through the street, without replying to the questions the curious bystanders asked, he kept his prisoners moving and did not halt until at last they had arrived at the Court-House, where the prisoners were quickly placed in the jail.

Then the lad beat a hasty retreat, and still retaining his muskets made his way home.

Great was the pride and astonishment of Sheriff Forman when he learned of the deed of Tunis. There was no blame for permitting the crows and blackbirds to alight upon the

cornfield, only praise for the deed of one of the bravest lads in all the struggle of the Revolution.

Four days after the capture, Mr. Forman read in a Philadelphia paper, the *Journal*, the offer of a reward of \$20,000 (continental money) for the capture of the brothers, John and Robert Smith, who had robbed and murdered Mr. Boyd, the collector of taxes in Chester county, and then were supposed to have hastened away to join the British army. The description of the men caused Sheriff Forman suddenly to drop his paper on the table before him and turn to Tunis and say:

“My boy, I believe these are the very men you captured.”

On the following day, Tunis and his father, with their prisoners, set forth for Philadelphia. The old records inform us that the men were convicted and executed, and that “young Tunis was carried through the streets in triumph on the shoulders of the military.”

Surely we might think the double reward might have been sufficient, but there was more to follow. Not long after this event, Tunis Forman gained his desire and was permitted to serve in the continental army. He became an especial favorite of General David Forman, and we know that he acquitted himself bravely and survived the war many years.

He was accustomed to say, however, that the proudest moment in all his life was that when he delivered up the two prisoners whom, as a lad, he had taken, single-handed and alone.

XVII

THE BOXER OF SUMTER'S ARMY

BEN ROWAN was familiarly known as the "Boxer of Sumter's army." Tall, with broad shoulders and deep chest, he boasted that there was not in South Carolina a right arm like his own. The wrestling matches and "rough and tumbles" in which the soldiers of the Revolution frequently indulged, in the quiet of the camps, were his delight, and it had come to pass that Ben Rowan was the acknowledged champion. Not a man could stand before him, and on this morning in 1780, when Sumter's men, with their three hundred British prisoners, had gone into camp by the banks of a little river, Ben had been almost tempted to try and draw the lank and powerful Thomas Sumter himself into a friendly bout, for Ben well knew that the title which the British had bestowed upon the leader, "the South Carolina gamecock," was well deserved.

And now Sumter had thrown aside his hat and coat, and, with his boots off, lay stretched upon the ground, enjoying the shade and rest after the fierce onslaught of the preceding day.

But Ben Rowan, whose face glowed with good-nature, for not one in all the army was better liked than he, had not felt quite bold enough to express his wish to the general, and as he turned from watching him he saw that many of his companions were running toward the bank of the river.

"Hello! what's on foot now?" said Ben, ready for almost any enterprise.

"We're going in swimming, Ben. Come on!"

"But I can't swim," replied Ben, ruefully, for, with all his strength, swimming was an art which he had never been able to acquire.

"That doesn't make any difference. Come and join us. It's hot, and you can cool off, anyhow."

Ben yielded, and soon was in the midst of the hundred men, who had laid aside their clothing and were dashing about in the water like a company of boys, on that hot July morning. He found himself at a disadvantage, however, and the shouts and laughter of the men were loud and long as, taking advantage of his inability to swim, some of them upset him in the water, and even were able to "duck" him by their combined strength, glad of their opportunity to settle old scores in this fashion. Ben's laugh was among the loudest as he rose sputtering from the water, only to receive the fresh onslaught of others.

"Come on, all of you!" he shouted. "It's your turn now, but it will be mine to-morrow."

The shouts increased as a fresh band accepted his challenge and succeeded, in spite of the fact that several of their number were thrown headlong in the attempt, in forcing Ben's head once more under the water.

A call from the men in the camp was not answered by the excited swimmers, who were about to start again for the boxer, as he stood undaunted and waiting to receive them. The call was repeated, and this time the startled bathers stopped and listened. Shout followed shout, and the sound of guns broke in upon the stillness. Here and there among the trees they obtained a glimpse of scarlet coats, and of men who wore a red rag in their hats, the badge of the Tories of South Carolina.

“Tarleton! Tarleton!” was the cry, and in a moment a scene of indescribable confusion followed.

Some of the men darted into the forest, while those who could swim struck out for the farther shore with strong and lusty strokes, expecting every moment to have their flight checked by a bullet. The uproar in the camp grew louder, and shouts and cries and the sounds of guns were increased in such a manner as to redouble the confusion of the startled swimmers. Ben Rowan and his challenge were both forgotten now in the excitement, and every man was intent only upon his own escape.

Poor Ben stood for a moment and gazed wildly about him. On every side there was confusion, and where safety lay was a problem he could not solve. He turned and started swiftly across the stream, hoping that somehow he might be able to follow his companions to the other shore; but when the water rose to his chin, and once or twice he almost lost his foothold, he knew that safety could not be found there. Death by drowning was as sure as death by the enemy's bullets.

Checking his flight, and with difficulty regaining his upright position, he succeeded in making his way back into the shallower water, and then stood for a moment striving to collect his thoughts and decide upon some course of action. The increasing uproar in the camp warned him that he had no time to waste, and turning quickly, he began to try to make his way through the water, which now only came to his waist. Falling, stumbling, struggling, the desperate boxer made his way onward, and had almost gained what he thought would be a safe position, when suddenly he found that the water farther down the stream, even near the shore, was beyond his depth.

With a desperate effort he again regained his position, and then, hardly realizing what he was doing, sought the shore and darted swiftly up the bank. He had hoped to find a shelter in the forest, but in a moment he found himself in the midst of a band of men, who greeted his appear-

ance with a shout that increased the confusion of the already desperate man.

He gazed wildly about him, and quickly realized that he was in the midst of the prisoners, whom doubtless Tarleton, or whoever was leading the attack, hoped to release by the sudden onslaught. It suddenly dawned upon him that these men were not armed. Perhaps he might yet be able to force his way through them.

In a moment the desperate man began to strike out in every direction. He flung the men who tried to hold him aside as if they were boys. He forced his way steadily on, now falling and now struggling to his feet, and once more flinging his tormentors from his back.

With head foremost, he plunged into the midst of a group that tried to block his passage, as a modern half-back forces his way through an opposing eleven. Sometimes he felt as if all the breath had left his body and he never should breathe again. Sometimes he fell, and he thought he could never rise again; but his strong arms and lungs stood him in good stead now, and he had almost gained the outer edge of the company.

There, as he darted forward with renewed hope, two men seized him by either foot, and he was thrown heavily forward upon his face. Almost stunned by his fall, he was roused by the shouts of the prisoners, who had recovered somewhat from their fear now, and started swiftly after

him, and, twisting and kicking desperately, he managed to free himself from the grasp of the two men before the others could approach, and, leaping once more to his feet, ran swiftly on. For Ben had caught a glimpse of a group of horses near by, and a sudden inspiration had come to him.

In a moment he had gained them, and roughly breaking away the rope by which one was tethered, leaped upon his back. Behind him came the shouting mob, having no guards now; but without waiting to receive them, Ben struck his horse a quick blow on the neck, and darted swiftly forward. Without saddle or bridle, with no way of guiding or controlling his steed, except by slapping him now on one side of the neck and now on the other, he began his desperate ride through the forest.

Scratched by the low-lying limbs of the trees, unable to fully control his horse, and yet urging him on at his utmost speed, he at last gained a place where the shouts behind him became fainter and fainter, and soon died away altogether.

Still Ben Rowan kept on his way. His horse soon leaped the low fence and gained the road, but there was no rest for him. Lying low upon his neck, which he grasped with one arm, while with the other he continued to guide him, he rode on and on. Faces from the scattered cabins looked out at him in astonishment, but Ben gave them no heed. It was not long after this time

when Cowper wrote his famous account of Johnny Gilpin's ride. But Ben Rowan had never heard either of Cowper or Gilpin, and it was Ben Rowan's ride he was interested in just then.

For two hours he urged his horse forward, and then realizing that he was not pursued, and recognizing a little house that stood back from the road as the home of a friend, he turned his weary steed into the lane, and from a distance called aloud.

In response to his summons a man came forth, and, gazing at him a moment in astonishment, said, "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I'm Ben Rowan; that's who I am, and I want some clothes."

In a moment his story was told, and Ben was fitted out to the best of his friend's ability, but a sorry sight he was. He was so much larger than his friend that he could hardly move in his clothing. Weary as he was, Ben laughed good-naturedly at his own appearance, and, after taking a rope and securing his horse in a safe place, entered the house.

About three hours later Tarleton's men went past the place. "They've got their own prisoners, but they haven't any of our men," said Ben, when at last the procession had gone. "I'm going back to see what I can find."

Once more mounting his horse, this time having a good bridle, Ben retraced his way. As he came

near the camp he began to advance more cautiously; no scarlet coats could be seen, but soon he caught sight of a band of men whom he thought he recognized.

In response to his hail, one man came out into the road, and Ben knew he was with friends again. As his companions came out from the woods he looked at them a moment as if he could not trust his senses, and then broke into an almost uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which the men all joined.

Some of them were dressed in pieces of carpet through which they had cut holes for their arms. Others wore dresses, while still others had garments ill fitting and grotesque.

At last, when there came a lull, one of the men said: "It was this way, Ben. All that Tarleton's band wanted was to get back their prisoners. They scattered all of us in short order, and when some of us left our clothes on the bank they gathered them in too. We had a sorry time of it, but the most of us have got something to wear. And you have too, I see."

"Me? Oh yes; I have to hang on to my buttons when I laugh, but I don't think any of you will be troubled that way," and Ben began to laugh again.

All night the stragglers kept coming into camp, many of them dressed in garbs as strange as those Ben had first seen, and each new arrival was greeted by renewed shouts of laughter.

On the following day they rejoined Sumter, and as they were ready for the march, Ben Rowan said, "That was the greatest day of the war. I think it'll stick in our minds for some time."

And it did.

XVIII

SIR HENRY CLINTON'S INVITATION TO THE
REFUGEES

THIS song first appeared in a ballad sheet in 1779, and was written by Philip Freneau.

Come, gentlemen Tories, firm, loyal, and true,
Here are axes and shovels, and something to do!

For the sake of our King,
Come labor and sing.

You left all you had for his honor and glory,
And he will remember the suffering Tory.

We have, it is true,
Some small work to do;

But here's for your pay, twelve coppers a day,
And never regard what the rebels may say,
But throw off your jerkins and labor away.

To raise up the rampart, and pile up the wall,
To pull down old houses and dig the canal,
To build and destroy,
Be this your employ,
In the daytime to work at our fortifications,
And steal in the night from the rebels your rations.

The king wants your aid,
Not empty parade;
Advance to your places, ye men of long faces,
Nor ponder too much on your former disgraces,
This year, I presume, will quite alter your cases.

CLINTON'S INVITATION TO THE REFUGEES 179

Attend at the call of the fifer and drummer,
The French and the rebels are coming next summer,
And the forts we must build
Though the Tories are killed.

Take courage, my jockies, and work for your King,
For if you are taken, no doubt you will swing.

If York we can hold,
I'll have you enroll'd;
And after you're dead, your names shall be read,
As who for their monarch both labor'd and bled,
And ventur'd their necks for their beef and their bread.

'Tis an hour to serve the bravest of nations,
And be left to be hanged in their capitulations.

Then scour up your mortars,
And stand to your quarters,
'Tis nonsense for Tories in battle to run,
They never need fear sword, halberd, or gun;
Their hearts should not fail 'em,
No balls will assail 'em,
Forget your disgraces, and shorten your faces,
For 'tis true as the gospel, believe it or not,
Who are born to be hang'd, will never be shot.

XIX

GENERAL SCHUYLER'S WIFE

CATHARINE SCHUYLER, the wife of General Philip Schuyler, was the gentlewoman of the Revolution. All that wealth, culture, social position, and the education of the time could give was hers. The only daughter of John Van Rensselaer, the "patroon" of Greenbush, from her earliest years she had known the possession of wealth, and the lavish generosity and hospitality which marked her father's home left their impress upon her.

Indeed, her father was known as too liberal a man even to collect his just-dues from his tenants, and the anti-rent struggles which almost convulsed New York in later years were by many traced directly to the lavish bounty of the Van Rensselaer home, which disbursed on every side, not always wisely nor too well. But generous as John Van Rensselaer was to those who were dependent upon him, his beautiful daughter, Catharine, received far more from him, for all that he had was hers.

She shared in the management of his vast estates, was taught to play the part of the Lady Bountiful, and was the idol of her father and the favorite in all the region. She learned to speak

fluently several languages beside her own, and was accomplished in all the arts of the finer life.

And yet she was never spoiled. She seemed to give the lie to the current proverb that wealth robs young people of power, for all that money could give only increased her strength of character and generous disposition. Refined, cultured, and yet strong, she was like a piece of finest steel, which is all the stronger because it has the highest temper.

Unlike Lucy Knox, Catharine Schuyler had no social ambitions. Her home, her children, and her friends were her all. And perhaps just because she did not try to push herself into public life, she was the more in demand. The children came rapidly into her home, but she never allowed even her social duties to interfere with her duties as a mother. There are two stories recorded, however, which show that, with all her gracious and gentle manners, she could act with decision and promptness when the occasion demanded.

Near Saratoga, General Schuyler had a beautiful country residence. In the time of Burgoyne's invasion this was threatened, and was, as we know, afterwards burned by the order of the British general. But when the word came that ruin threatened it, as her husband was with the army, she would trust no one to remove the furniture, which was made up of many heirlooms of the families on both sides, and, ordering her carriage, started herself for the country-place to supervise the removal.

While she was there her husband sent her word that he wished all the wheat on his place to be burned to prevent it from falling into the possession of the British. With her own hands Mrs. Schuyler set fire to the standing wheat on her husband's place and then called upon all his tenants to follow her example, and the cloud of smoke that soon came rolling in showed that her own example was not without influence.

At the time when Burgoyne surrendered, he and his staff were received at the home of General Schuyler by his wife. She entertained them as if they were guests. Burgoyne himself, overcome by her kindness, when he thought of the destruction of their country-place which had been done by his order, tried to murmur his thanks and apologies, but Catharine Schuyler graciously passed his words by.

When he repeated them to the general, he was told that "such was the fortune of war." Twenty covers daily were laid for these "guests," and after their return to England they sang the praises of Philip Schuyler and his wife to all.

One of the guests was a Hessian, and his child speaking in German to his mother one day inquired, "Is this the house papa was to have when we came to America?"

His mother flushed as she saw that Mrs. Schuyler understood the language, and tried to apologize; but again the perfect lady showed her breeding, and the guest was made to feel at ease.

The Tory papers made great sport of Mrs. Schuyler for her loyalty to the colonies, one paper declaring that she even insisted on thirteen hairs being left upon her husband's bald pate, so that she could twist them into one, as the thirteen colonies were to be. But Catharine Schuyler was content. She could afford to look down and be benignant.

She died before her husband, and her loss and that of his son-in-law, Alexander Hamilton, in his tragic affair with Burr, so wore upon his heart that General Schuyler soon followed his wife, who is still remembered as the gentlewoman of the Revolution, for hers was the gentleness of power.

XX

PETER BACOT'S DEVICE

THE battle of Camden had been fought on August 16th, 1780, and among the prisoners taken by the British in that engagement were Captain Peter Bacot, John Starke, a young man of nineteen, and an old continental from Connecticut, Simon Jones by name.

The three men were marching in the midst of a band of thirty who, three days after the battle, were being sent forward by Colonel Rawdon to Charleston; and when they thought of the dungeon awaiting them there their hearts were heavy, for many stories of the sufferings and deaths in the loathsome place were current among the Whigs of South Carolina.

The band of prisoners had just entered upon a lonely road which led through a forest, and, grateful for the cooling shade on that hot day, guards and prisoners alike halted for a rest.

Young John Starke, who had been wounded in the thigh but had pluckily continued on the march for fear of worse evil if he fell out of the ranks, turned and looked upon the men in the company, and the sight was not one to cheer him.

Some of the prisoners were true-hearted men, but many were horse thieves who had refused to give the British the first opportunity to buy their plunder for a trifle, and as a consequence had been numbered among the transgressors. Outlaws and desperate characters were there, and along with the prisoners of war were all consigned to the Charleston dungeons.

Nor did a glance at the band of redcoats tend to soothe the feelings of John, for many of them were notorious Tories and desperadoes, and he knew that they would not hesitate at anything in obeying the orders they had received.

Truly his situation was a desperate one, and with a heavy heart he said to Captain Peter, "Not very much hope here, is there, captain?"

"No," replied Peter Bacot briefly.

"It's Rawson's way, I guess," drawled the Yankee Simon. "He's grown tired of hanging and shooting helpless men, and he thinks by sending 'em in to the Charleston dungeon he'll do just as well and save himself all the trouble. It'll be the same thing in the end."

"They say there is smallpox among the Charleston prisoners," said John.

"And they say truly," replied Peter. "They don't half feed the men, and with the smallpox and fever and foul air they don't have to look after any of the prisoners very long."

"It saves time and money and guards, I guess,"

drawled Simon again. "I don't mind seeing 'em economical. It's what I was brought up to be myself."

John looked quickly at the old soldier, but his face was expressionless. He could not tell whether his indifference was real or assumed, but whatever the cause John had little sympathy with it. For himself he was afraid, and the prospect of entering the dungeon at Charleston was almost more than he could bear.

Already he could see in his mind the sight of the pale, suffering men confined there, and all the stories he had heard of the foulness, disease, and death came back to him.

He could not repress a shudder as he turned to Captain Peter and said: "Is there no hope? Can't we make a break and get out of this? We'd better be shot than die the death we'll have to in Charleston."

His companion made no reply, except to glance expressively at the guard, and John, too, became silent as he observed the men.

What a desperate band they were! The hardened faces and brutal looks were on every side of him. Surely no mercy was to be expected from them, and the young soldier groaned as he realized his helplessness, but it was not the pain from the wound in his thigh that caused the expression.

"My sister Nancy lives up the road here," he said at last. "She's the only sister I've got, and

she disgraced the family by marrying a Tory. He keeps the public house up at the corners. I wonder what she'll think of it, when she sees her own brother carried away by her husband's friends."

"What's that you say?" said Peter quickly. "She lives in a public house up the road."

"Yes," replied John, surprised at the sudden interest of the captain.

The word to march on again was given, and he had no opportunity to make further inquiries; but he noticed that Peter Bacot was thoughtful, and several times turned to Simon and spoke to him in low tones.

Simon was interested, too, in the captain's words, for, although the expression upon his face did not change, John knew from his manner that some project was in his mind. What it was, however, he could not conjecture. To him the march was full of misery, for even when he could for a moment forget the dreary prospect before him his wound made him fully aware of the misery of the present. Surely the price of his devotion to the colonies was not small.

On marched the men, the silence broken only occasionally by a growl from some redcoat or the sharp word of Captain Faust, the leader of the guard, to some loitering prisoner. The heat of the sun was intense, and the insects which steadily followed them increased the discomfort of all.

The prisoners uttered no complaints, for their desperate condition forbade all that, but the murmurings among the guard grew louder and more frequent. They rebelled against the heat, they found fault with their leader for insisting upon the pace at which they were marching, and Captain Faust was beginning to fear that he would lose control of his men, when a public house came into view, and a halt was ordered.

"Is this where your sister Nancy lives?" inquired Peter of John Starke.

"Yes," replied John, "but I don't know that she'll do us any good."

"I think she will," said Peter, and in a few low words he explained his plan.

John listened attentively, and for a moment felt hopeful, but a glance at the noisy redcoats brought back all his fears, and he said, "It may be well enough to try it, but I haven't much hope. Here's my sister now, and I'll see what can be done."

Nancy was approaching and looking with curious interest at the band of prisoners. Suddenly her glance fell upon John, and she was about to utter a startled exclamation when a warning sign from her brother caused her to be silent. Still, she approached, and John knew by the expression upon her face that he could depend upon her to do her utmost for him, for even in those desperate times "blood was thicker than water."

"Why, John! How came you here?"

"Hush, Nance!" whispered John. "Come close a minute and I'll explain it."

In a few words John hurriedly told his sister of their desperate plight, and explained the plan which Peter Bacot had devised.

Nancy listened attentively, and then hesitated before she answered. It was only for a moment, however, for she quickly said: "I'll do it, John. You stay right here, and I'll try my best for you."

His sister was gone in a moment, and John stretched himself upon the ground with his companions to await the result. Not a word was spoken by the prisoners, but each was watching intently the movements of the guard. Shouts and songs soon could be heard, and among the noisy men they could see a woman moving here and there, and always with a jug in her hands. The shouts increased, and the noise redoubled.

An hour had passed, and the three prisoners were just beginning to hope that they might be able to make some attempt, when Captain Faust appeared in the doorway, and in a thick voice ordered the men to form and advance.

"It was no good," said John despondingly.

"You can't tell yet," replied Peter. "Here comes your sister."

"John," said Nancy, as she approached, "I've done all I could, and we'll hope for the best. Here, take these," she quickly added, as she drew three black bottles from the folds of her dress and

handed them to her brother. "Be careful. Perhaps you can work your plan yet. Good-by," she whispered, as she turned and left them.

John thrust one of the bottles into his pocket and gave his companions the others, and then they arose to take their places in the ranks. The march was at once resumed, but the lines of the guard were very uneven now, and the murmurs had given place to shouts and songs.

"Steady, there! steady!" called out Captain Faust as he looked back at the men.

"He thinks the trouble is with them," said Simon. "He'll have to look out or the ground will hit him in the face. It's all right, and we'll make an attempt pretty quick."

"Hark! What's that?" inquired John, sharply.

The sound of a bugle could be heard in advance of them. The three prisoners looked at one another in dismay, for doubtless the approaching men were redcoats, and their coming meant the downfall of all their hopes.

Dismayed as they were, they would have laughed at another time at the expression upon the face of the drunken captain, Faust. He, too, had heard the sound and realized that he was in no fit condition to be seen by any of his superior officers.

"Here, Captain Faust," said Peter Bacot, quickly, "you take my hat and coat and give me yours and your sword, and I'll help you out. Be quick; you haven't a minute to lose!"

"G—glad to—to—have ye," said the leader, thickly, at once carrying out the suggestion.

The transfer had hardly been made, and the men formed in line by the roadside, before Colonel Cruger's band of redcoats, escorting supplies and reinforcements for the upper stations, appeared in the road.

"Present arms!" called "Captain" Peter; and the men, who were too stupid to perceive the change in officers, obeyed, and also carried out his order to salute the newcomers.

"Who's in command of these men, and what are they?" inquired Colonel Cruger, as he drew rein on his horse.

"Captain Faust's in command," replied Peter, saluting, "and these fellows are prisoners for the Charleston dungeons."

"Good place for them," replied the colonel. "You'd better hurry on, though, for if night overtakes you in the woods the men may get away."

"We'll hurry," replied Peter, watching the colonel as he and his men passed on.

What a relief it was to have them go. The hopes they had had were all dashed by the sudden appearance of the redcoats; but the quick wit of Peter Bacot prevailed, and in a few moments the band had passed from sight. Then Peter restored the sword and belongings to Captain Faust, and the march was resumed, though the

lines of the guard were still unsteady, and the men plainly were almost overcome.

"Their guns aren't drunk," whispered Simon, shaking his head in reply to Peter's suggestion that they should start and run into the woods; and the three prisoners kept on with the others.

Night did overtake them in the woods, and the band took up their quarters in a deserted log-house by the roadside. Then the prisoners were placed in one room, with a door opening into the hall and a window into the yard, while the drunken Tories and sober American officers were all left in the hall together.

The three prisoners soon began to work. The sounds that rose about them showed that most of the men were sleeping. They whispered together, and then Simon began to use the bottles that Nancy had given him.

The sounds of the sleeping guards became louder, and soon it was evident that all but the sentinels of the three prisoners had forgotten the hard march of the day, and were asleep.

John was trembling in his excitement, but managed to listen to the directions Peter whispered into his ear: "Now, now's the time to begin."

"Will you please get me a drink of water?" Simon said to the sentinel in the hall.

The sentinel grumbled, but went for the water, and held out the gourd as he returned.

With one quick blow Simon knocked the gourd

from his hand, and the water splashed over the gun and into the face of the astonished Tory.

Instantly Peter and John were by his side, and the sentinel was secured and gagged. Then the three men hastily secured the guns, but, though their efforts were not heard by the drunken Tories, the prisoners in the other room had heard, and were leaping out of the window into the yard.

The outside sentinel was aroused and fired, but the noise of the report only served to awaken the drunken men in the hall and quicken the pace of the escaping prisoners.

"I'll attend to that sentinel," said Simon, quickly leaving the hall and presenting his gun before the soldier could reload.

The dazed Tories meanwhile had been roused, only to find themselves without guns and facing the barrels of their own muskets. In a few moments the three resolute men completed their work, paroled the Tories, and disappeared.

And what became of them? John Starke concealed himself in the woods, and was fed and cared for by Nancy, till he was strong enough to make his way to Sumter's army. Captain Peter Bacot became an officer in the regulars of South Carolina, but of Simon no word was ever received.

After the war, when John Starke used to relate the story to his grandchildren, he would close by saying: "It's the only time I can remember when drunken men ever did any good."







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